THE MISSIONARY

HERALD

AT HOME AND ABROAD

EPTEMBER 1938

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At Home and Abroad

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OUR COVER

From the belfry of Pilgrim Church in Cleveland one sees the steel mills of the Cuyahoga Valley; also the minaret of St. Theodosius (Russian) Church in the foreground.

barest pittance from its members.

This would require adjustments. The pastor would have to earn his living apart from the salary the church could pay him, the music in the services of worship might become more amateurish and less creditable musically, most of the social services and activities would have to be curtailed if not abolished, but Union Church would go on.

On the other hand, suppose that the present financial help should be increased so that the program of social services and activities could be greatly augmented; and suppose also that Union Church had almost ceased to be a *worshipping fellowship*—an organic community of faithful and devout Christians?

Then its only significance would be that of a fairly well but not too efficiently conducted social center, with an overhead far in excess of what it ought to be, considering the service it rendered, and with a lot of irrelevant and unnecessary "frills," such as a magnificent auditorium for worship; a budget for music that might just as well be cut to a fifth; a preacher hired to preach when what is more needed is a well-trained full-time expert in group recreation and organized social activities; a women's organization which spends its time sewing and working for church support and missions, which might better spend its time in more constructive work for the local community; etc.

Such criticisms are constantly being leveled at churches which undertake to make themselves over into "bee-hives" of activity. The church as a social center is about as important and significant as a human body with St. Vitus Dance. Its activities do not mean much of anything!

THE PRAYER MEETING AND THE CHILDREN'S CHOIR SCHOOL

The two most important developments at Union Church in Boston are the revival of the Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting on a scale of ascending interest and deepening spiritual meaning, and the organization of the children's choir school.

The Prayer Meeting stands for fellowship in its simplest essence. The choir school represents growth into the life of devoutness, beginning with childhood and maturing into that marvelous creation of the Holy Spirit—the full-grown man or woman who in Christian faith joins with others of like mind and like character in confessing his sins, in praying for forgiveness and restoration, in trying humbly to find the will of God by faith in Christ, and in attempting to *do* God's will in the world by the same faith. The choir school in Union Church came to mean this to me, and in such a way as sometimes to bring tears!

Do not think that such a concentration upon worship and the life of devoutness tended in the least to militate against a clear recognition of practical social obligations in the community and to individuals. There was no let up on that side. Only more and more we tried to bring our social programs, our activities into the frame of reference of the soul that has turned to God and has come to rest in Him.

There are still those who find it easier to think of the church in the city as being a reform agency *par excellence;* or as being a power house for clean play and wholesome recreation. The city church is almost bound to be both of these things to a certain extent—but not primarily.

Looking at the matter as simply and yet profoundly as we may, do we not realize that the church—THE CHURCH—is really the visible agent of Jesus Christ in the world, in the city? And if this be so, what is the CHURCH'S task? Of course it is to try to do what Jesus did when He was on the earth.

And what did He do? He healed, He fed, He went about doing good: yes, but most of all He taught men how to pray, led them up a mountain-side to give them the underlying principles of all ethics, trained them for teaching and preaching the truths He taught them, sent them out to teach and preach—and finally gave Himself up to be crucified to make possible the ultimate salvation of the whole human race.

Is not this, or something as like as possible to this, the primary task of the CHURCH? It seems so. And it is, above all other things, the task of a church like Union Church in Boston: not, indeed, to create or build the Kingdom of God (only God can do that!); but to represent God's kingdom in Boston's South End, along with all the other churches in that area, Protestant and Catholic, Negro and White, "liberal" and "fundamentalist"; to represent God's kingdom, and help enough men and women and children to enter it by faith.

THUS A COMMUNITY OF WORSHIPPERS

Thus a pure and simple fellowship may grow out of the church to form a community of worshippers which may help to transform the secular community into a fellowship also based on the worship of God through Jesus Christ, in whose faith men may most faithfully be served in all the common, menial, and yet beautiful ways of which the term "Social Service" is the technical designation.

Of Union Church in Boston, then, might not this be said: If in her fellowship may be found the springs of faith, in that fellowship also must always be originating springs of practical help which shall grow to be rivers of powerful social action. I myself found in Union Church the springs of faith, as never before I had found them. May I then hope that in my case the other things shall follow?

This Year We Study the City

THE annual study themes chosen by the Missionary Education Movement are well-spiced with variety. Last year our attention was directed to Rural America and the Moslem World; this year it is the Church in the City and India.

To anyone possessing imagination the city is a fascinating place. Where did all these people come from? Where are they going? What thoughts are passing through their minds? If you wish to give yourself a tantalizing exercise in the use of English, try finding words with which to describe your fellow passengers on bus, street car and subway.

In *City Shadows* (Friendship Press, cloth $1, paper 60 cents) Robert W. Searle has lifted the veil which separates the onlooker from the lives of those who dwell in great cities. In fourteen brief but vivid sketches he depicts the common personal problems of city people: the juvenile delinquent who is more sinned against than sinning; the conflict between old country parents and their new world children; the boy whose parents are getting a divorce; young people who are compelled to repeatedly postpone their marriage; the difficulties confronted by the young Negro and the young Jew; the curiously intricate and expensive path to proper medical care; the cloud under which the released convict finds himself; the forgotten aged. At the end of this mass of realistic case material are two chapters discussing what the church can do about it.

For those with a lustier appetite for the abstract Samuel C. Kincheloe has written *The American City and Its Church* (Friendship Press, cloth $1, paper 60 cents). He discusses "The Problems City People Meet," "The Family in the City," "What Cities Do to Churches," "What Churches Do for Cities" and "The Primary Work of Churches." This is a volume of sparkling insights rather than of consistent logic.

In *The Urban Scene* by Marguerite Harmon Bro (Council for Social Action, 289 Fourth Ave., New York City, 10 cents) we have a pictorial footnote to the study books mentioned above. In 64 pages of pictures and text the panorama of city life is presented with vividness and discrimination.

For intermediates Harold and Eunice Hunting have written a thought-provoking story of city life in *Street Corner* (Friendship Press, cloth $1, paper 60 cents) which is illustrated with pen and ink sketches by Barbara White, the daughter of Hugh Vernon White.

All Around the City by Esther Freivogel (Friendship Press, cloth $1, paper 60 cents) is a large-print story book for smaller children.

The City: the Testing Ground of the Church published by the Board of Home Missions for free distribution is a brief statement of city problems combined with a description of what our churches are doing to meet the situation.

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Without benefit of grass or trees—Chicago's Bethlehem Center

Mutuality between City and Country Churches

By Thomas Alfred Tripp

DURING the current study of the city church, some attention might well be given to a consideration of the persistent problems of rural-urban relations. While there is an increased mutuality between city and country, wide areas of conflict remain.

SOURCES OF CONFLICT

There is an "unconscious class consciousness" between city and country, as Professor John Morris Gillette has called it. Occupations make people different. "Farmers are farmers and town people are not."

City workers are at their tasks relatively short hours and sit at home in the evening to read or go out to a movie while farmers bring in the last load of hay ahead of the rain.

Farmers work out of doors with their families or alone, while urban labor segregates the various members of the family and congregates many craftsmen under a single roof.

Differences of dress, speech and manners have sometimes led to antagonisms between them. City people have been accused of having a sense of superiority over farmers, calling them "rubes," "hayseeds," "rustics" and "hillbillies."

Likewise, country residents have occasionally returned the compliment with such terms as "dudes" and "city slickers." The extension division of a Land Grant college in an important midwestern state has reported difficulty in serving its uneducated, poorer farmers who fear that the "city brains are trying to work us again."

It is well known that the most significant basis of the rural-urban conflict is economic. Much of it has been due to an unconscious exploitation of rural life by the city. By the nature of things, urban development has often been at the expense of the country. Wealth naturally flows from the latter to the former as population, leadership and commerce move cityward.

In 1850 only 44 per cent of the wealth of this country was in the cities but by 1890 the urban share was 75 per cent.

The Reverend Ferry L. Platt, late member of the staff of the Council for Social Action, considered the estimate of the National Industrial Conference Board a generous one when it concluded that the fourth of the population who live on the farms received about 11 per cent of the national income in 1929. In the same year, he found the average per capita income for urban people was $908 as compared with only $275 for the farm population.

The disproportionate concentration of the nation's wealth in the cities is not necessarily the fault of individuals so much as it is due to the nature of our rural-urban economy. Business is conducted in the cities. Even farmers trade there, directly or indirectly. Business men coöperate more readily than farmers and, therefore, industry very largely controls both the prices farmers get for their products and what they pay for the goods they must buy.

Such facts have led to many grievances between city and country. "Embattled farmers" has become a watchword at times in our history when agriculturalists organized themselves into various movements to try to obtain a larger share in the national income. The rise of such organizations as the Grange, Farmers' Alliance, American Society of Equity, Farmers' Union, Non-Partisan League and American Farm Bureau Federation was in response to the desire for agrarian redress.

A popular cartoon which went the rounds forty years ago during the agrarian revolt associated with William Jennings Bryan's first campaign was one that expressed the view of many midwestern farmers. It depicted a cow superimposed upon a map of the United States. A farmer in Kansas was feeding her and a banker in Wall Street was milking her!

Rural culture and the country church have lagged. Cities have more than their share of the public services for culture, health, welfare, education and home conveniences.

Even in the church differentials unfavorable to the rural life in buildings, income and leadership are apparent.

The lower average salary of rural pastors has led to tension. Town and country preachers have been asking those who share with them an interest in economic justice in industry and agriculture for help in attacking a similar problem right within the church.

RECOGNITION OF MUTUALITY

Such a picture is not a pretty one. It might well have caused some to feel, as they do, that the situation is nearly hopeless.

However, it need not be so considered. There is a growing mutuality between rural and urban life. While there is still a serious lack of equality between city and country, it is becoming increasingly clear that it is not so much a question of who shall have the larger share of the goods of life as it is an

issue whether a decent standard of living shall be possible for any.

Secretary Wallace has been preaching a doctrine which takes for granted the mutuality of agriculture and industry. The welfare of either depends upon the prosperity of the other. That there is a definite relationship between city and country economically is shown by the fact that in any given year agricultural production and industrial production exhibit a close correlation.

For instance, factory payrolls and the total cash value of cheese in this country rise and fall together from period to period.

Rural-urban mutuality is on the increase. The report of President Hoover's Research Committee on Social Trends in 1932 revealed that "open country areas are losing much of their former isolation and are acquiring a far greater interdependence with other sections of society while still maintaining an identity of their own."

The development of the village as a half-way station between farm and city, the coming of mechanical transportation and communication and a concomitant decline of local neighborhoods and the increased urbanization of rural culture are largely responsible for this trend toward greater rural-urban mutuality.

In fact, the process of urbanization has gone so far in a few areas that some sociologists have invented the term "rurban" to describe their condition.

In the church, too, there has developed an increasing awareness of the rural parish. Missionary aid, given in large measure by the larger city congregations and received mostly by disadvantaged rural churches, has been a practice for many years.

RURAL CONTRIBUTIONS

The growing mutuality between rural and urban churches is to be seen in what they contribute to each other. Just as agriculture is the source of the city's food and fibre and a large outlet for its manufactured goods, the rural parish is a reservoir of life for the urban church. People who come to the city are usually from the rural parishes and multitudes of them find their way into urban churches.

Many of the members and leaders of almost any city church received their first religious inspiration and education from some little parish in a small town or in the open country. True, they often forget their heritage but, nevertheless, the debt of the city church to rural life still stands.

Young people come to the city bringing assets of education and character which they have received at the expense of country communities. Rural districts invest millions of dollars annually in the physical, mental and spiritual development of childhood and youth which will later enrich urban life.

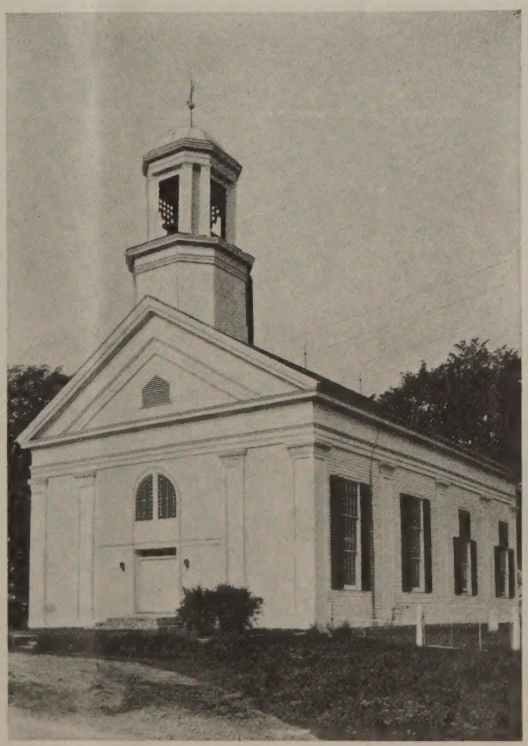
Recognition of this fact is to be seen in the movement in recent years to put back some of the wealth drawn from rural regions through AAA payments, rural relief, state aid to rural schools and subsidy to town and country churches.

Rural religion also contributes some of the freshness of country life to the whole church. If reactionary theology from isolated areas sometimes discounts a part of this value, the stricter moral standards and the sincere faith which usually characterizes rural Christianity are much needed contributions to urban religion.

URBAN CONTRIBUTIONS

But, just as dependence is not all in one direction, so the contribution of the city meets that of the country church somewhere near half way. City people have helped build good roads up to the door of the rural church. It is granted that

[*Continued on page 395*]



Rural churches such as this one at Cornwall, Vermont, raise up young people for our city congregations

Ready for the Maypole on Pilgrim's lawn

Here are some smiling samples of Pilgrim's kindergarten

Cleveland's Persistent Pilgrim

A church which has not fled from its problems

Homeward bound from kindergarten

IN 1859 thirty-four venturesome souls organized a church on a bucolic hill-top across the Cuyahoga River from the city of Cleveland, Ohio. From the belfry of that church one can now look down upon the tower of the Union Terminal in one direction and the smoky eruptions of the steel mills of the Cuyahoga Valley in another. Across the street is St. George's Greek Orthodox Syrian Church, while three blocks away are the bulbous domes of St. Theodosius Greek Orthodox Russian Church. In the immediate vicinity are congregations made up of Germans, Poles, Ikrainians, and Slovaks.

FOR SEVENTY-NINE YEARS

During the seventy-nine years of its history Pilgrim Church has changed its name twice (from University Heights Congregational to Jennings Avenue Congregational to plain Pilgrim Church) but has only moved once—and then just for two blocks.

At its fiftieth anniversary it was said, "Pilgrim Church could have sold its property many years ago and moved elsewhere, but it chose to stay and serve those people who might in regular succession settle in the neighborhood and raise their families to be future citizens.

"There is carved in every stone of its structure the determination to remain and serve rather than to run from changes. As a result the church has developed a type of service for humanity, a tolerance of personal beliefs, and a recognition of racial and national values that has made the name 'Pilgrim' a synonym for broad-mindedness, a sign of brotherhood, and an example of Christlike service."

Concerning the founders of the church Charles S. Mills has written: "The original company of thirty-four souls were of such limited material possessions that they required the aid of missionary funds to maintain their simple service of worship. Not a minister in the city save one approved of their enterprise. It was declared that folk of such variant faiths would not hold together for two years. For seven years they met in a school room.

"When they began to build their first house of prayer they took four years to construct it, doubtless delayed by lack of funds. When at length they took possession of the basement in 1866, as Thomas K. Noble, the second pastor, said at the dedication of this edifice, 'They not only had no oil for their lamps, but no lamps for their oil'—the lanterns by which they guided their footsteps over the muddy roads being the only light for their evening service."

A COMMUNITY VENTURE

Pilgrim Church was originally launched as a community venture whose Congregational affiliation was casual if not accidental. The congregation was greatly strengthened in the fall of 1869 by the arrival of the "Connecticut Colony" which included three families from Southington.

The early members of the church were largely the people who had owned farms in this vicinity, but this accession added several of the pioneer industrialists who turned the adjacent Cuyahoga Valley from a cow pasture into a region of factories, mills and railroads. These men were the builders both of Cleveland and of Pilgrim Church.

Of the period from 1875 to 1884 the fourth pastor of the church, Newell M. Calhoun, has written, "Cleveland was young and our portion of the city younger. It was springtime in Cleveland in the seventies. Everything was growing. Not everything was pretty, or sweet, or clean, but as one at the time remarked, they made clean money.

"One of our leading members on

coming back from Yale and climbing out of the valley to his home was heard to say after taking a long breath, 'I tell you this smells like home,' but to the pastor and his bride from the windswept hills of New England the odors of the oil refineries had a rather different significance. The smoke as it arose from the surrounding valleys called to mind the pictures of Dante's inferno. But what a beautiful field for Christian service! There was lots of room to grow."

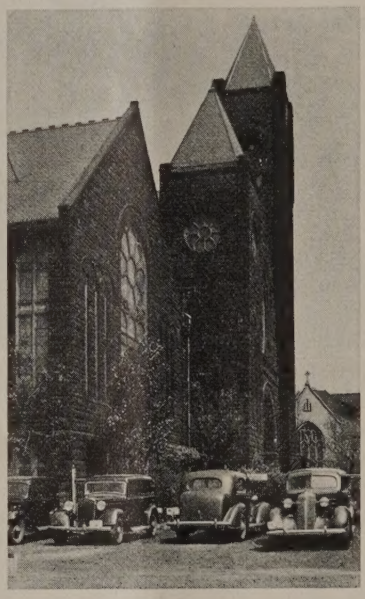
From the beginning Pilgrim had been an exceedingly active church whose religious zeal was prone to express itself through unselfish service to the people of the community. Back in the seventies it sponsored recreation and reading rooms and a sewing school, with classes for the training of mothers.

As early as 1878 pledges were substituted for pew rents as the basis of support of the church. In 1889 the Young Peoples Society petitioned the Church Committee for a reading room in the church building. The kindergarten which the church still maintains is the oldest institution of its sort in Cleveland, antedating by many years the introduction of kindergartens into the public school system.

UNDER CHARLES MILLS

Under the leadership of Charles S. Mills, then a young man in his thirties, the broad human spirit and deep social passion of the church was given abiding form and substance in the stone and mortar of the present edifice. He was called to the pastorate in April of 1891; on December 4 of the same year the church voted "That the time has now come to take steps for the erection of a new church edifice, and that when we proceed, it be with the idea of making our new church an institutional church."

The more the church studies the matter the more ambitious its plans became. In spite of the "hard times" with which the nation was afflicted ground was broken on April 5, 1893, and the structure completed in November of 1894 at a total cost of $140,000. Anyone who inspects the present building will marvel at the elasticity of the dollar in those days, which was at least three times what it is today. The church was dedicated free of debt, with Washington Gladden as the preacher of the occasion.



Pilgrim Church from its parking yard

Pilgrim was one of the first institutional churches to be erected, and it promises to be one of the longest-lived. When dedicated it was described as "an epoch-making building, the most finely equipped in America, the pride and joy of the city."

The great stone arch which spans the entrance typifies the breadth and inclusiveness of both the structure and the congregation. When the auditorium and Sunday School room are thrown together close to two thousand people can be seated comfortably. Here the National Council met in 1907.

Here several of the Cleveland high schools have held many of their commencements. Here the union of the Evangelical and Reformed denominations was formally consummated in 1934. The octagonal auditorium and corner pulpit are not what would be chosen today, but they are both impressive and beautiful.

For many years Pilgrim has been a place where more happened during the week than on Sunday. Her doors have ever been open to all sorts of people with every variety of human need. During the past 44 years the number of meals served from her kitchen would reach astronomical proportions, while a constant stream of young life has flowed through the kindergarten, Sunday School, clubs and classes.

The leaders of Pilgrim Church have always anticipated rather than followed the changes in its environment. An institutional plant was erected while the neighborhood was still an attractive place of residence for the prosperous. During the years when people with means sat in its pews an endowment fund of liberal proportions was accumulated against the day when the wealthy would have fled from West 14th Street. The prosperity of the war years was utilized to secure additional property and to erect a Community House with gymnasium and bowling alleys.

Pilgrim has never been a self-centered church. In 1896 it commissioned Horace Tracy Pitkin as its representative in China, where he was martyred by the Boxers on July 2, 1900. Later George D. Wilder represented Pilgrim Church in China for many years, as did Miss Edith Cold in Turkey.

In May of 1905, Charles S. Mills left the pastorate of Pilgrim Church to become the builder of the Pilgrim Church of St. Louis and the First Church of Montclair as well as the promoter of old age security for all our pastors.

UNDER DAN BRADLEY

In the fall of that year Dan F. Bradley came to Pilgrim from the presidency of Grinnell College for a pastorate of thirty-two years. His personality proved most congenial to that of the church. Free-hearted and tolerant, Dan Bradley was everybody's friend. In the pulpit he was scintillating but brief. He might irritate but he never bored. No one could be more brotherly with his fellow ministers. He was ready to come and talk anywhere at anytime. He granted church letters with a smile as though Pilgrim had an inexhaustible supply of members. He always attended ministers' meetings to make sure that the brethren "did nothing foolish." Nobody has ever discovered anything small about him.

On March 17, 1937, Dan Bradley celebrated his eightieth birthday, and a few weeks later he rather reluctantly retired as pastor of Pilgrim Church. Obviously this meant the opening of a new chapter in the life of the church. Most of the men and women who had built Pilgrim Church and carried the burden of its budget were gone. Their children had deserted the old neighborhood for the suburbs. The church faced greater opportunities for human service than ever, but where was it to find the leadership and the financial resources to meet them?

Instead of looking for some new Moses to lead them out of the wilderness Pilgrim Church called to its pulpit a man whom it had known, trusted and loved for a dozen years—Walter H. Stark, who had been the associate pastor since December 1, 1924. The church knew just exactly what it was getting—and so did the minister. Neither cherished any false delusions of grandeur concerning the other. Mr. Stark had borne the burden of the financial support and general administration of the church for years. He knew the parish and its possibilities as did no one else. He accepted the call because he believed in the future of Pilgrim Church.

AND WALTER STARK

Events have moved rapidly under the new leader. Changes which it was expected that it would take five years to accomplish have been consummated in a scant twelve months. During the year Pilgrim lost the remaining three of its large contributors by death together with fifteen or sixteen other members whose total contributions amounted to $3600 annually. The result was that the financial problem which the church had hoped to meet piecemeal had to be met all at once.

The question before Pilgrim Church was, "Where will we find leaders for the future? Who will pay the bills?" The answer was sought through a Pilgrim Advance Program which was conducted from April 3 to May 15 by means of a series of dinners, special services and a general visitation of the parish. A surprising loyalty and unsuspected personal resources were uncovered.

Despite the fact that one third of the families in Cleveland were said to be on relief at the time, a total of 605 pledges were received amounting to $11,583. Of these 106 were new pledges to the amount of $1408, while the increases in old pledges totalled $1815. In addition $1779 was pledged toward a current expense debt which had been accumulated during the depression.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS ASSURED

The greatest gain from this campaign has been the assurance that Pilgrim will go forward. Its property and much of its endowment have been transferred to the Corporation for the General Council for safe-keeping. It will continue to receive much loyal personal and financial support from old-time Pilgrims living in the suburbs of Cleveland.

But its service will be to the immediate parish about the church, particularly to the children and young people whose parents cherish old country traditions. Here the field is unlimited. The largest public school in Cleveland is only a few blocks from the church. In this great constituency there are neither Jews nor Negroes. They are a people to whom a friendly church can render a friendly and increasingly spiritual service.

What has enabled Pilgrim Church to inspire its people with such an unusual measure of loyalty and devotion? One who knows the church well has given the answer: "To its members Pilgrim Church represents all that is highest and best in their lives. It is the deepest, broadest influence that they know."

City and Country Churches [*Continued from page 391*]

this improvement was often in the interest of city trade but the country church benefited by it.

Spiritual highways are being built, also. Through study courses and a significant mass of literature the city church is seeking to understand rural life. Greater fellowship between urban and rural pastors is developing.

For instance, in the recent series of rural church institutes in certain corn-belt states, city pastors attended to about as high a percentage as rural pastors.

City churches contribute the results of advanced thinking in theology and relatively well-thought-out ideals and programs for making religion pertinent to social issues.

Not that the movement of religious ideas and ideals is all in one direction but the comparatively richer resources for thought and action in urban regions is being shared increasingly beyond the city limits.

Specifically, both rural and urban Christians should work together to (1) equalize economic opportunity, (2) distribute the goods of the "abundant life" and (3) increase mutual fellowship between all sections of society, whether rural, urban or "rurban."

City Shadows*

By Ned Landon

If one finds conditions on all sides not befitting a Christian world, there is a task to be done. If this task is to be done, there should be many willing hands on the job. If these hands are to be encouraged to do this job, there should be a challenge.

Such conditions *do* exist, and there *is* a task to be done. This job falls under the main heading of social welfare work or missionary work at home. For a few years, I suppose, I have been aware of the need of such work in the slum districts of our larger cities, but a tangible and forceful picture of the conditions had to be presented before I became fully aware of the importance and necessity of this work. Something was needed to make me realize that it was not a problem to be passed off on to someone else, but one which concerned me and all of the younger generation—a problem which will become closer and closer to us as time passes!

I have found that something: just a tangible and forceful picture of what goes on in that part of every big city where morning and evening the deep shadows of tall buildings fall. It is a book, not a very long one at that, which is appropriately entitled *City Shadows*.

In writing this book, Mr. Robert W. Searle has made excellent use of the short story to paint his pictures. These are stories of real people, "not creatures of the imagination—they are actual human beings." Because of this, as one reads the book he lives for the time with these people and knows a little of their trials and temptations. In reading these stories one cannot help but realize that on all sides there are conditions not befitting a Christian world.

For those who would read only for enjoyment and for those who are not willing to face squarely an almost overwhelming problem, *City Shadows* is not recommended. There were, more than likely, two courses open to the author in presenting his challenge. He might have offered a rosy and optimistic view of what a Utopia our cities would be if we were all to unite in dispelling the shadows.

Instead, he has presented the actual appalling conditions of the present with the hope that those who read and realize will be courageous enough to take arms against the sea of forces which have made so many of our neighbors the slaves of poverty and the "shadows."

What this book lacks in reading "enjoyment" it makes up many times in the provoking of thought. And one thought comes often to the fore—that in all of the surrounding gloom there is one light which has been able to shed some of its brilliance in dispersing the darkness. The Church becomes an even more wonderful thing in the eyes of those who read the stories of Anna, Rose, Grace, Joe Lee, Elsie Slavek, and the many others who become such real people—people surrounded by the "city shadows."

Mr. Searle has not been one merely to present a problem without doing anything about it. He has challenged all those who will read and he has gone even farther than that by giving all those who will accept the challenge a tool with which to work. And in casting out shadows nothing will be found to equal the Light of Jesus.

If one finds conditions on all sides not befitting a Christian world, there is a task to be done. *City Shadows* proves this: if this task is to be done there should be many willing hands on the job. Great things are never accomplished alone. If these hands are to be encouraged to do this job, there should be a challenge. A challenge has been offered. Only one thing remains: there must be a younger generation willing to accept the challenge, and that is a factor which no book or author or anyone else is able to take care of alone.

With all else provided to set a stage where great things can be accomplished, there appears to be an abundance of opportunities for young people who are willing to take up the Way of Jesus.

**City Shadows*, by Robert W. Searle. (Friendship Press, cloth $1.00, paper 60 cents.)

A Devotional Service for Women's Groups

Theme: "The Church and the City"

Call to Worship:

Leader: God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.

Response: We will worship thee, O Lord.

Leader: God is light—If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another and with God.

Response: Grant us fellowship with thee, O Lord.

Leader: God is Love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him.

Response: We will dwell in thee, O God.

Leader: God is ever present. In him we live and move and have our being.

Hymn: "Great Master, Touch Me With Thy Skilful Hand"

or

"Lord, Speak to Me That I May Speak"

or

"Breathe on Me, Breath of God."

Poem: "There Am I"

Over the great city
Where the wind rustles through the parks and the gardens,
In the air, in the high clouds brooding,
There am I. . . .

Think not because I do not appear at first glance,
Because the centuries have gone by
And there are no assured tidings of me,
That therefore I am not.
Think not that because all goes on its own way
That, therefore, I do not go my own way through all.

Yonder,
The fixed bent of hurrying faces in the street,
Each turned toward its own light and seeing no other,
Yet I am the light toward which they all look.
Yonder,
The toil of so many hands toward such multifarious ends,
Yet my hand knows the touch and the twining of them all.

Make no mistake, do not be deluded.
Over the great city
There am I.

Reading from the Bible: Ps. 127:1; Rev. 21:3.

Message: Robert W. Searle in presenting the needs of the city to the churches of New York has said:

"To Wordsworth at Tintern Abbey the prevailing sound of humanity was a 'still sad music.' For us in New York Russell Bowie has more adequately defined it as a 'sobbing human plaint.'

"It is an awful picture to the heart of him who can people statistics with men, women, boys and girls—creatures of flesh and blood—our Father's children—our brethren. To us not the least appalling revelation must be that of the multitudes who, out of touch with the Church, are trying to feed their souls with the husks of life.

"It is a tragic fact that most of those who pass with indifference the doors of the Church think that they know all that is going on inside and that it has nothing to offer them. At the same time, we have confidence in the fact that there never was a day in time when the world's need and the individual's need so plainly pointed to the one specific—the Full Gospel of Jesus Christ."

The ministers and social leaders working with Dr. Searle outlined the objectives of the Church in meeting the needs of the community as follows:

1. The correction of great community-wide conditions that degrade life and create misery and suffering.
2. Effective ministry to the individual victims who have been bruised or hurt by any or all of these conditions.
3. The winning of the city for Christ. The winning of individual men and women, boys and girls to Jesus Himself by preaching, by effective pastoral ministry and by teaching.

In silence, let us pray that our church (if it is a city church) and all churches in the great cities of our land, may set their hearts and hands and minds toward the fulfillment of those three purposes.

Silent Prayer.

Leader's Response:

Give us, O God, the strength to build
The City that hath stood
Too long a dream, whose laws are love,
Whose ways are brotherhood,
And where the sun that shineth is
God's grace for human good.

Already in the mind of God
That city riseth fair,—
Lo, how its splendor challenges
The souls that greatly dare,—
Yea, bids us seize the whole of life
And build its glory there! Amen.

W. Russell Bowie

Hymn: "The Fathers Built This City"

or

"Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life."

NOTE: The message by Dr. Searle and the verses by Dr. Bowie are taken from *Facts for Community Sunday*, issued by the New York Federation of Churches.

See also, "A Prayer for Our City" in *Prayers for Social Awakening*, by Walter Rauschenbusch. This prayer is also quoted on p. 165 of *The American City and Its Church*, by S. C. Kincheloe.

In a Certain City in Greece

By Adella M. Langill

I WANT to take you with me by over-night train from Athens to Thessaloniki, Greece, where Anatolia College is located. We arrive on Saturday morning which we spend examining the fine new buildings of the Boys' Department up on the hills, back of the city, where we have an unbelievably fine view of the bay and Mount Olympus.

After lunching with the boys, we are delighted to learn that their team is playing football that afternoon with a team from the city YMCA. We saunter down the hill to the athletic field just in time.

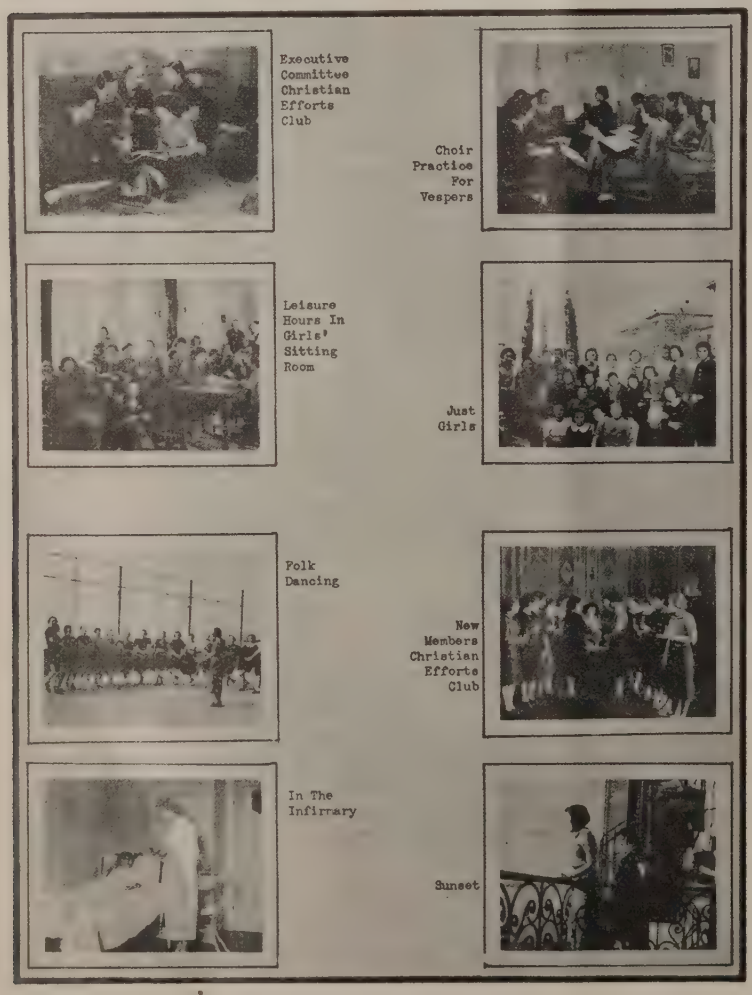
The whistle blows! The ball flashes past us! A deep sigh goes over the crowd as it is recovered by a YMCA man. We look down the opposite side of the field to see the position of our players.

There is a high feminine scream and we jump up to see what has happened. The YMCA player has fumbled and an Anatolia College boy has recovered, causing the fans from the Girls' Department of Anatolia College to go hysterical.

Now the ball is going into play again, the girls have seated themselves and stopped cheering for the moment, and we are able to observe them in repose—more or less.

What splendid-looking girls they are, what high resolve is evidenced in their attitude. We wonder if the shepherd who has stopped with his flock just at the edge of the field thinks so too, for his attention is divided between the game and the girls.

What a strange contrast he makes and what a tug at our imaginations his presence gives. Here we are in the cradle of our civilization. But for the modern buildings of the Boys' Department on the hills behind us and the spectacle that we have come to watch, we might have stepped back in history nineteen hundred years.



The "Salonica Girls' School" is now a part of Anatolia College. Though it has a most varied life it has but one spiritual purpose: to be thoroughly Christian

WE LOOK THEM OVER

The first half of the game is finished. Let us go over and talk with the girls. This is the president of the Student Council. She lives in Thessaloniki, she tells us. But, because she likes the atmosphere of the school and because her parents feel that it is a fine influence for her, she is a boarder. She invites us to the campus on the seashore, suggesting that we come Monday morning in time for chapel.

At chapel we see the one hundred and twenty-six girls, and approve of the concentration with which they listen to the speaker of the day—a town-woman telling of the way to attain happiness through service.

After chapel we are introduced to the principal of the Girls' Department, Miss Bertha Morley, and to other members of the faculty—Greek, Turkish and American. Miss Morley asks us if we would care to visit classes and have lunch with the girls—the very thing for which we had been hoping!

The first class we visit is one of the younger groups in English. What a small room for such a large group! Why does not the teacher use the blackboard more? We look about and find there is precious little blackboard to use.

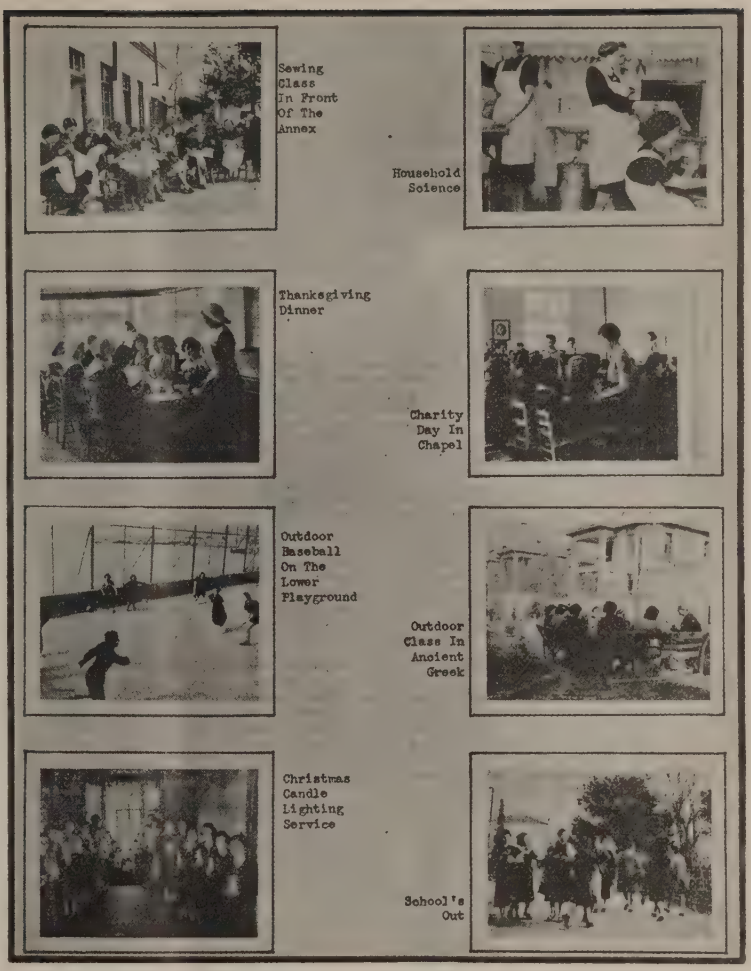
We go next to a mathematics class. Such a small, poorly lighted room! And what is the hum just outside that farther door? We go out that door and find a group huddled in a corridor studying French. As our guide sees us raise our eyebrows at this procedure, she explains that they are so cramped for space that classes have to meet in every corner of the building.

We are curious about the building. It is of such odd architecture. We learn that it was erected many years ago as the residence of a member of the Turkish aristocracy when Saloniki, as it was then called, was in the hands of the Turks.

The ceilings are high, there is a grand staircase which is quite beautiful but, when we notice the absence of central heating, we are glad that we are there in warm weather.

We go down to the ground floor (we would call it an English basement) to see the Turkish bath—the only bath for the thirty-six boarding pupils and faculty. The intricacies of heating the room, so that the steam will arise, are explained to us and we understand why bathing is a weekly event.

What is that delicious odor? It comes from the kitchen just around the corner where the cooks are preparing the noon meal. How our mouths water as we watch the


Sewing Class In Front Of The Annex
Household Science
Thanksgiving Dinner
Charity Day In Chapel
Outdoor Baseball On The Lower Playground
Outdoor Class In Ancient Greek
Christmas Candle Lighting Service
School's Out

If St. Paul should visit again the Thessalonians he would have at Thessaloniki a heart-warming welcome and receive an intelligent response to his call to Christian service—and would say again, "We give thanks to God always for you all"

women fill the tender cabbage leaves with the mixture of rice and ground beef which, when finished, are called "dolma." We are happy that we will share this inviting menu.

But we are not prepared for the dining-room. It is scrupulously clean but oh so dark! As we comment upon this, Miss Morley relieves our guide who must rush off to teach her next class.

Miss Morley asks us if we have met any of the members of the group of sponsors in America of which Mrs. George A. Whipple of Evanston, Illinois, is the chairman. She tells us that this group of twenty-one women is helping the School in many ways and is preparing to conduct a campaign for money for a new dormitory.

We ask for information about the background of the School and are told that it was opened in 1914 to do work among the refugee children. Ten years later the primary grades were dropped and the School continued as a four-year high school.

The Greek government has recently increased the number of years to be spent in the "gymnasium"

from six to eight, adding the two years at the lower age level. This fact and the fact that graduates of the Girls' Department will be accredited in the University, added to the fact that the Government limits co-education to the first four school years, is expected to increase materially the number of students seeking admission.

As we wonder how any more girls may be cared for with the present equipment, we remember that Miss Morley mentioned that a group of women in Chicago is planning to help the School obtain a new dormitory.

We check the name and address with her—Mrs. George A. Whipple, Room 1523, 19 South La Salle Street, Chicago—and make an entry in our date book to call upon her to offer our services on Friday afternoon of the first week that we are at home.

For such an institution which, in spite of its physical limitations, can draw girls from the finest families in the country is surely worthy of our unqualified support.

A Pensioner's Memories

To have been a home missionary is an adventure too rewarding to have missed. In the spring of 1909 I received the answer to my prayer. The Congregational Sunday School Society put me in touch with Superintendent Charles G. Murphy of Oklahoma.

He took a chance and invited me to come to Oklahoma as Sunday school missionary for the summer and I went to stay, leaving my Virginia home where I had been working as artist and illustrator since my graduation from Syracuse University in New York State.

I arrived in Oklahoma City on June 1st. In Virginia a small boy in my Sunday School class had said with tears in his eyes—"I don't want you to go; you might be scalped by the Indians." I found all the Indians I met very peaceable and not even inclined to be very sociable with pale-faced tenderfoots from back east. But my work was not to be with the Indians.

Mr. Murphy took me into his own home as one of the family for the summer and trained me for my work with fatherly interest and devotion.

"Jesse, I am now going to send you out more on your own initiative among the homesteaders," he said to me one day in a tone of tenderness. "You are going to have experiences different from anything you ever experienced in the east, and you will be pretty lonesome sometimes, but I will keep in touch with you and remember you in my prayers and you will make good."

Then he took his Bible and read the Ninety-first Psalm to me and we knelt together in prayer.

I was to spend my days in humble homes where the people shared the best they had with their guest, but sometimes there were people of strange religious ideas where I would not be welcome. I labored mostly in regions where homesteaders lived in shacks, sod houses, and dugouts, often without a floor, until they could build more substantial homes.

Some places to which I was sent must have been chosen to test my courage and sticking qualities, such as a community where a radical religious sect had broken up a Sunday school we had previously organized. I found only one home where I could stay. I slept in a tent in the yard. I called from house to house but was regarded with suspicion and not even invited in.

I was indeed lonesome and to keep up my courage climbed each day to the top of a mound where I could overlook the neighborhood and read and reread that Ninety-first Psalm and pray for strength to endure. On Sunday no one came to the Community school house where I met to give a chalk talk and reorganize the Sunday school but the family I was entertained by.

This, however, was the only time I was to fail to organize a Sunday school where I found one was needed. My marching song became—"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord," and I sang and whistled it by the mile as I trod those Oklahoma roads and trails.

Often I adventured into regions unknown to me, trusting in the Lord for the next meal and place to spend the night, or a shelter in the time of storm. This reminds me of one evening when I had no place to stay. After tramping all day over a neighborhood that needed a Sunday school, I went to the most likely looking house in the community expecting to find a place to stay all night. The lady of the house was feeding the hogs.

Introducing myself as a Sunday school missionary who had come to organize a Sunday school, I suddenly became the victim of a severe tongue lashing, the substance of which was that Sunday schools were the work of the devil and I was there as the servant of the devil.

Devils were getting too thick for me and I departed in the face of an approaching thunderstorm that seemed preferable to a storm of words. I walked several miles before I found a place to stay. Most houses were impossibly small with families so large that I wondered where they kept them nights.

At last a man hurriedly collecting fire wood invited me into his home. Just as we entered the house it suddenly poured down rain. I was informed that there was not another

house on that road for five miles except a very poor one-room Negro cabin or two where I could not have stayed had I desired to.

One of my best remembered dinners in that neighborhood was eaten at the table with a Negro mammy who certainly was a success as an entertainer. I enjoyed every minute of it. A Negro school house near by was a very humble affair built of logs, and crudely constructed.

I organized a Sunday school in that neighborhood that kept going both summer and winter, although the people declined a free grant of Sunday school literature, saying that they preferred to use only the Bible. This school was held in the white folks' school house. No doubt another was needed at the little log school house for the colored people, but I was not in a position to attempt it.

Besides being a Sunday school missionary I have for twenty-eight years been a home missionary pastor and pastor of village churches. Our first child was born on the plains of Texas when we lived eighteen miles from the nearest doctor. When the child was not expected to live, Superintendent Murphy came all the way from Oklahoma to New Mexico where we had taken the child for medical care to bring us comfort. God spared the child and she has been attending the Bible College here at Manhattan, Kansas.

My many wonderful experiences in Oklahoma, Texas, Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas would fill a good sized book. Today as I lie on my bed broken in health, nothing brings me more comfort and happiness than the adventures of the past and the thought, "I also have served." I was often discouraged and wondered what it was all worth, but I tried to do my best and have left the rest to the Lord.

Today I envy these enthusiastic young people who are going forth into Students Summer service to needy little churches; laboring in vacation Bible schools with young folks who have a life to live. These young workers are having experiences that they will look back to in years to come and thank God that they also have served.

In the City of Hankow

Madame Chiang Kai-shek's War Orphans

By George W. Shepherd

THOUSANDS of children, most of them having lost their parents in the conflict, are being cared for in camps, ancestral halls, and mission compounds by the women of China. This work of taking care of refugee children is perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most worth while project in the whole business of relief.

Coming from many different cities and villages, and from homes both rich and poor, these children, when gathered together in groups of one hundred, have all the natural problems of making adjustments to a new environment and to one another. In one refugee hostel 10 to

This is playtime with Christian teachers for some of Madame Chiang's war refugee children in the London Mission Compound in Hankow

Here are some of Madame Chiang's war refugee children bathed, clothed, well fed and made happy. "Slowly, fear and dismay have given way to trust and play"

12 of them armed themselves with sticks and decided to beat up the cook, who, they claimed, was not giving them the kind of food that they liked best. Fortunately for the cook and the dishes one of the ladies on the Committee heard the rumpus and appeared in the kitchen doorway.

Little by little, however, they have settled down to their new environment, and, under the loving care of their house-mothers and teachers, directed by a committee of society women, they have found satisfaction and delight in their new homes. After more than two months of study and play together they much dislike to be separated. Each group of one hundred feels itself to be a complete family. They have learned to love their teachers, and their teachers have learned to love them. As the enclosed pictures show, they are now as happy a lot of children as can be found in any part of the world.

These photos were taken in a mission compound where trained kindergarten and school teachers give themselves gladly to this form of war service. Using all their spiritual resources these Christian teachers have convinced their young charges that after all life does hold something much better than bombs and destruction. Slowly, fear and dismay have given way to trust and play. Study any one of these faces for a couple of minutes and catch some infectious mirth.

One evening four sizable boys disappeared from one of these camps and could not be found anywhere in Hankow. Two weeks later they appeared with 17 other boys, whom they had gone back to the war area to rescue. How these little fellows managed this we have never yet discovered for they somehow contrived to travel miles on troop trains, and braved gunfire and bombs in order to bring their friends to safety.

The Committee in charge of these children, under the direction of Madame Chiang Kai-shek is planning to move the units of 100 farther west, and establish them somewhere in the western provinces. After dark, groups of these orphans may be seen, with their bundles of clothing and prized possessions proceeding to steamers on the Yangtze. The brutalities of war are driving them more than a thousand miles from the scenes of their childhood.

Women of position and education have found a great deal of joy and an opportunity for service in caring for these thousands of children. They have spent many long days and nights arranging for their care and education. In the far west they must eventually find foster-homes, in which the children may make a better adjustment to society. Contributions for this work have been coming to Madame Chiang Kai-shek and other members of the Committee from all over the world.

This Year We Study the City [*Continued from page 389*]

Program Suggestions published by the Missions Council for five cents a copy contains one program on the city by Marguerite Harmon Bro and Katherine Terrell and four by Mrs. Mable B. Reidt of Waltham, Mass.

A stereopticon lecture on the city and the church prepared by the Board of Home Missions will be available for use in the churches by the first of October. It can be borrowed from any of the offices of the Missions Council upon payment of the express.

A Church School's Missionary Project

By Minnie Burdon

To carry out a missionary project successfully several things are necessary:

1. Tentative plans begun months in advance
2. Plenty of publicity
3. Program carefully planned out, allowing for expansion
4. Practical suggestions to interest all ages and groups
5. Imagination
6. Enthusiasm

And the greatest of these is enthusiasm!

For the past three years a five-weeks participation in some missionary project has been a part of the regular Church School curriculum at Beneficent Church. During that period all other lessons are suspended, and the attention of the entire school centers on the world friendship project. This is the way we carried it out this year:

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In May of 1937 the Education Committee began making its plans for the 1938 project. When should we have it? It was decided to begin the second Sunday in January. What should we study? Having had two foreign missionary projects, it was decided to study the work of our denomination at home. That settled, we were ready for the next step. Our young people who were to attend summer conferences, were invited to keep their ears and eyes open and be ready in the fall to offer suggestions. The Project Committee was selected: Primary and Junior Superintendents; two teachers from the Young People's Department; two young people (one the Service Activity Leader and the other appointed by the Church School Congress); and the Director of Education.

At the first Fall Conference of the Teachers and Officers, the personnel of the Committee was announced, the fact that we were to concentrate on Home Missions explained to the group, and opportunity given for those present to state their preference, e.g., American Indians, Southern Mountains, etc. The summer conference people were contacted, and early in October it was unanimously decided to study the work done in the Southern Highlands, centering on Pleasant Hill Academy, Uplands Sanitorium, and Pleasant Hill Community Church.

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Then our correspondence began with the Project Secretary of the Board of Home Missions. We ordered books for study and started plans for presenting the subject to the teachers and then to the school.

On the first Sunday in January, all officers and teachers were asked to attend a Tennessee Mountain Conference at the church from 4:00 to 8:00 o'clock. In spite of a very severe ice storm, a goodly number assembled. Ample time was given them to look at the posters of Pleasant Hill Academy and the curios made at the school.

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Each one was given a question or two and told that the answers could be found in the literature on the table. This material consisted of maps, several copies of *Highland Heritage* by Edwin E. White and *The Land of Saddle-Bags* by Professor Raine and everything we could lay our hands on pertaining to the Highlands, the Academy, the Sanitorium and the Church.

The Questions? They started with the topography of *The Land of Saddle-Bags;* then turned to living conditions, characteristics, customs, speech, music, schools, religion, homes, health conditions; and thus to such questions as:

"What is being done to better conditions?"

"What do you know about Pleasant Hill Academy?"

"What can we do to help?"

At the end of an hour and a half the questions had been asked and answers given. By this time the group knew more about the project than we had even dared to hope, were keenly interested and had had a grand time! A mountain song was tried.

By common consent the last question as to how we could help, was left until after supper. Supper over, we settled down in earnest to answer it.

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Each teacher was given her copy of *Highland Heritage*. "There's a Light Upon the Mountain" was adopted as the project hymn; many practical suggestions were made by the committee so that each teacher might be prepared to offer them to his class; and plans were completed for the presentation to the Church School on the following Sunday. We asked three things of the groups: that they become familiar with conditions in the southern mountains, particularly in Pleasant Hill, and that they use *Highland Heritage* as their source of information; that they be prepared to present that knowledge in some manner at the final meeting to which church and parish were to be invited; and that they interest themselves in the needs of either the Academy, Sanitorium or Church.

At the close of the service, one teacher remarked that he had visited in the Tennessee mountains.

"Fine, tell us about it next Sunday," was the response, and so the service for the following Sunday was taken care of.

The Junior Department chose to have a Southern Mountain worship service, with boys on one side and girls on the other, only a few hymn books, singing unaccompanied, and the "sermon" preached by the superintendent with the text "Pleasant Hill Academy, Upland Sanitorium and Pleasant Hill Community Church." In the course of the project a special worship service was planned and conducted by the young people.

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Each Sunday all classes were visited, questions answered and suggestions made. We commenced our publicity using the Church Calendar and *Inklings*, the monthly paper of our Young People's Department.

That the members were beginning to be interested in the needs of our project soon became apparent. One little five-year-old went home and said, "I must have all your old silk stockings and $1.40 to buy shoes for the little boys and girls"; and several requests came to make surgical dressings for the Sanitorium. So an evening was announced and several nurses and hospital workers were invited to be present.

Much to our surprise, and greatly to our joy, we had double the number present that we had anticipated, ranging from eight-year-old boys and girls to their grandmothers, of the Adult Class. We showed the stereopticon slides of the Southern Highlands and a group of the men teachers served light refreshments.

Nine hundred box dressings, four hundred toothpick swabs, and two pounds of cotton balls were made, wrapped and were ready to send. Another good time!

We utilized our monthly officers' and teachers' conference to keep alive the enthusiasm. A mountain supper was served on a table bare of cloth. Our worship service was similar to that of the juniors. Several mountain songs were sung. We danced, played mountain games and spent a highly amusing time trying "part singing." The evening closed with the Virginia Reel. We had no further need to worry about the enthusiasm of the teachers.

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To end the project, we set aside a week-end in February, inviting the Project Secretary of the Board of Home Missions to be our guest. She arrived early on Friday afternoon and visited the Women's Guild, showing wood crafts made at the Academy and telling about the work done there.

Friday evening we were invited to a "Mountain Valentine Social," sponsored by the Young People's Department. Their red heart-shaped invitations cleverly worded, requested our attendance in "calico gowns and overalls." Again we played mountain games and danced to violin. Corn muffins with jam, orangeade and valentine candies, served as refreshments, added to the "atmosphere" and the jolly evening ended with stories of mountain life told by our visiting Secretary.

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The Church Calendar on Sunday contained an invitation for all to be present at 5:00 o'clock at a "Pleasant Evening for Pleasant Hill—admission three pairs of used silk stockings."

By five o'clock all was in readiness and we awaited our guests for the grand finale. And did they come? They did—fathers, mothers, little people, aunts, uncles, whole families; a goodly number of people who had never before attended a Church School affair; and 99 per cent of the officers and teachers! For half an hour our guests roamed around the chapel at will, stopped to look at the long tables spread with used clothing in excellent condition, new pieces of cloth for dresses, the TVA chart and maps; to the mountain home made by a class of Junior girls; into the Primary Room to see the pictures drawn by the littlest ones; to the table piled with neatly done-up surgical dressings; to the maps and pictures drawn by Junior boys.

And the silk stocking admission? We had to use two tables, for there were few people who brought only three pairs!

Our program was very simple—merely a sharing of our recently gained knowledge with those present: the hymn we had all learned, a dramatization of *Barbara Allen*, book reviews, an inspiring address by the Project Secretary, and "part singing" by the officers and teachers.

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Had our project ended there it could have been called successful, but it was not until representatives of departments and classes went forward and presented to Miss Smith for the Academy, Sanitorium and Church, their gifts, that we realized just how successful it had been.

From the little four-year-old girl who brought money from the Primary Department for six pairs of shoes, to the young people who reported that they had solicited used clothing and had spent two evenings repairing them, the joy of giving was apparent, and those of us who had worked for the success of the project felt that our cup was full to overflowing.

The program finished, we were invited to the Social Room, where light refreshments "on the ground" were served by the Adult Class of the Church School. And they remembered it was the climax to a Southern Mountain project and served home-made cakes, popcorn, apples, coffee and milk!

The Crickets Came Around

By Gale Anderson

I PLANTED a garden this spring for recreation, for the fresh vegetables and flowers it would provide, and because I love to live and work with beautiful, growing things. Everything I planted grew beautifully and my chest swelled with pride as many good people came and admired my fine garden.

One day I stood in the garden with my mouth watering at the thought of the fine things I would have to eat in a week or ten days, when someone told me that the Mormon Crickets were moving into town. In a day or so they swarmed into town by the millions. Everything in the yard seemed to suddenly become a brown moving mass.

At first I wasn't much alarmed about them because they seemed quite easy to drive away. But one Sunday morning they seemed more numerous and hungrier than ever. I went out to drive them out but they didn't seem a bit anxious to go and no matter how many I drove out there were that many more on their way in, and those I drove out came back the minute I had my back turned.

What made the situation all the more hopeless was the fact that I had to leave that morning for services in the country and had to be gone all day. It really hurt me to have to leave the garden for them to destroy.

When I came back in the evening, the crickets were still feasting at my expense. Since it was only a few minutes before evening worship service I didn't have time to give the matter much thought.

When I awoke Monday morning I found my garden completely ruined and the crickets swarming into the trees. With the help of some young folks we got them out of the trees and then I put tin around the tree trunks to save them. I feel certain that the trees are now safe.

But I couldn't help feeling terribly discouraged as I looked at my garden and saw nothing but a few bare stocks standing where a few days before there was a splendid garden.

I'm not writing this to get anyone's sympathy for myself. But as I watched the crickets eating and observed my reaction at my comparatively small loss, I couldn't help thinking how hopeless and discouraged ranchers and farmers must be when they lose all of their crops from the crickets.

For one reason, then, I'm glad the crickets took my garden. I can imagine a little better the mental agony the farmers must experience when they have to witness their very living being eaten before their eyes and can do nothing to stop it.

What if I had to depend upon my garden for my family's entire support? It really would be a serious situation then!

Clouds Against the Sun

By Walter L. Spencer

"I WILL lift up mine eyes . . . " During the last days of June, the pastor observed people at various times, gazing up toward the sun. There was no sound of an airplane, nor were there birds, nor peculiar cloud formation, nor anything else apparent that would thus draw attention.

"What in the world are they looking at, up in the sky?" the pastor asked the man with whom he was talking.

"Come over here and look," was the rejoinder, as the man led the way to where the sunlight came down between two buildings; "just look close to the sun."

The pastor did as directed. Looking near the sun, he beheld high in the air, myriad flying creatures. Steadily they moved on. Almost as thick as a swarm of bees, they covered the sky.

"What are they?" the pastor asked in astonishment.

"Grasshoppers."

It was hard to believe, and to realize what that meant. The abundant rainfall of this summer had brought on prospects for crops, such as had not been realized in this part of Montana for very many years. The old-timers were astounded. Wheat and barley and other small grains and crops were outdoing themselves. The gloom which had been present through the long years of drought had disappeared in the general rejoicing over the harvest which was at last so near. Hailstorms had menaced fields in some localities, but the damage was limited to relatively small areas, and in most cases was covered by insurance.

Here was a menace against which there was no insurance, but rather the assurance of complete loss.

[*Continued bottom of page 410*]

A Program With A Worsh

NOTE: This program requires a leader and six (or seven) participants. Seated comfortably and informally around a table in front of the audience, each will discuss the chapter in the *Primer of Economics* assigned to him. Each such report should not exceed five or ten minutes.

Leader: On November 13 the Congregational-Christian churches will conduct an Economic Plebiscite. This is the second such popular vote on social issues which our General Council has authorized. The first —on peace and war—was held in 1935. Some 2,500 churches participated.

We are conducting this Economic Plebiscite because it is our fundamental conviction that the economic welfare of people is a concern of the Church.

The representatives of Christian churches from all over the world who assembled at Oxford, England, in the summer of 1937 said: "Christians have a double duty—both to bear witness to their faith within the existing economic order and also to test all economic institutions in the light of their understanding of God's will.

"The forces of evil against which Christians have to contend not only are found in the hearts of men as individuals, but have entered into and infected the structure of society, and there also must be combated. The responsibility of the Church is to insist on the true relationship of spiritual and economic goods.

"Man cannot live without bread, and man cannot live by bread alone. Our human wealth consists in fellowship with God and in Him with our brethren. To this fellowship the whole economic order must be made subservient."

The Economic Plebiscite is aimed to stimulate our thinking about economic problems and to quicken

THE BALLOT

Do you feel a Christian obligation in connection with the following programs:

	For	*Against*	*No Christian Issue Involved*
1. Provision by government of jobs for those unable to find work in private employ.	☐	☐	☐
2. Use of federal measures to support agricultural prices.	☐	☐	☐
3. Organization of labor into national unions.	☐	☐	☐
4. A larger degree of national economic independence by means of tariffs and other trade barriers.	☐	☐	☐
5. The further extension of public ownership of electric utilities.	☐	☐	☐
6. Organization of consumer coöperatives.	☐	☐	☐
7. The further social control of our economic system.	☐	☐	☐

rvice On The Economic Plebiscite

our social conscience. Although it calls for a statistical vote, its primary purpose is to inaugurate an educational program in the churches.

The vote itself is not to be taken as expressing a denominational or church position on these issues. The purpose of the balloting is to direct our earnest attention to problems upon whose solution the economic welfare of all people depends.

We are using as the basis of our program *A Primer of Economics*, which is published by the Council for Social Action, authorized by the General Council to conduct the plebiscite. This is the basic handbook for a study of the issues in the plebiscite. We urge you to provide yourselves with a copy for your personal use. (*It would be advisable to have a stock on hand for sale.*)

Those who are participating in this panel discussion will each discuss one of the questions on the ballot. But in order to get an impression of the ballot as a whole, I shall read it to you now in full. These questions have been approved by the Executive Committee of the General Council.

(*The leader should particularly point out that voters are asked whether they feel "a Christian obligation" in connection with the programs listed on the ballot, and that they are given the option of voting "for" or "against" each program or of saying that they see "no Christian issue involved."*)

We will now proceed with our panel discussion. Mr. A., will you state the first question and discuss it for us.

First Participant: Do you feel a Christian obligation in connection with—provision by government of jobs for those unable to find work in private employ?

NOTE: The first participant will then state the facts involved and should cite the arguments for and against the program he is discussing, as found in the *Primer of Economics* and in other readings. When he is finished, the leader will ask the second participant to state the second question, and so on, until the first six questions have been covered. No discussion material on the seventh question is included in the *Primer of Economics*. This question should, however, be read to the group and, if possible, someone should be asked to discuss it. After all members of the panel have reported, the meeting should be thrown open for questions and comments. Particular attention should be given to discussing what moral or Christian issues, if any, are involved in supporting or opposing the programs on the ballot. Discussion ended, the meeting should be concluded with a service of worship.

WORSHIP SERVICE

Call to Worship: Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. Psalm 15:1-2.

Hymn: Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

Scripture: Isaiah 65:17-19, 21-25.

Prayer: O God, our Father, our souls are made sick by the sight of hunger and want and nakedness, of little children bearing on their bent backs the burden of the world's work; of motherhood drawn under the grinding wheels of modern industry; and of overburdened manhood, with empty hands, stumbling and falling. Help us to understand that it is not thy purpose to do away with life's struggle, but that thou desirest us to make the conditions of that struggle just, and its results fair.... Our Father, give us an ever truer sense of human brotherhood; that with patience and steadfastness we may do our part in ending the injustice that is in the land, so that all may rejoice in the fruits of their toil and be glad in thy sunshine. Keep us in hope and courage even amid the vastness of the undertaking and the slowness of the progress, and sustain us with the knowledge that our times are in thy hands. Amen. (Helen Ring Robinson.)

Hymn: March On, O Soul, With Strength.

Benediction.

NOTE: For reading, order from the Council for Social Action, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.: *A Primer of Economics*, single copies 25 cents; 2 to 9 copies, 20 cents; 10 to 24 copies, 15 cents; 25 or more copies, 8 cents. Also, *Christian Social Action* by Hugh Vernon White, 10 cents, and *The Church and the Economic Order* (Oxford Conference Study Series), 15 cents.

A highway viaduct and two layers of railroad tracks overshadow Wood's Run

Above the Slavonic Church in Pittsburgh towers, on the west,

Amid
Sh

Our Slavonic Church in Pittsburgh is ve
banks of the Ohio River by the precipitous
is surrounded by the steep hills which have

This narrow valley is known locally as
of tenements. Some of these structures ar
ing trace of something which was applied

As in all poor neighborhoods, children
they are surprisingly clean. Their energies

To this snug little community John Koc
cial assistance of the Board of Home Missi
playground. In 1936 the neighborhood an
but today no trace of this catastrophe rem

A few of the children of Mr. Kocerba's parish

Playing jacks on the curbstone is an

the state penitentiary, and on the east, a series of bridges

sburgh's
ows

he bottom of a hill. It is separated from the state penitentiary, while in other directions it ke Pittsburgh famous.

n. Its numerous population lives in long rows t more are of wood. Paint is chiefly a linger- go.

reets. Despite long continued unemployment o have been diminished by the Depression.

wife have ministered since 1914 with the finan- urch shares a block with a settlement house and e inundated by the flood waters of the Ohio

inexpensive amusement in Wood's Run

This public playground adjoins our Slavonic Church

Smiling—even if they do live in a wooden rookery

A Chinese Fete

By Martha E. Brewster

In one of our New England towns a delightful Chinese Fete was held for the benefit of the Missionary work in China; an account of it may suggest to other groups a way of earning some extra money during the summer, for the work of the American Board, at this time when missionaries are doing such wonderful work and when the need and opportunity is so great for human and Christian help.

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For the Fete, the use of the lawns and garden of a lovely estate were offered. Committees (appointed by the Women's Association of a Congregational Church) worked for a week or more, soliciting cake and candy, planning, cutting, and sewing banners and runners (with Chinese emblems on them) to be used as decorations for grounds and booths. Some beautiful embroideries and curios were loaned to be used also for decorations on the cake and candy tables. Simple dresses, copied from a Chinese pattern were made of plain, bright colors, and worn by the girls who helped as waitresses. The girls carried bright colored trays, with the refreshments that were for sale, prettily arranged in paper cups and paper plates.

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The refreshments offered were: Chinese jasmin tea, iced, sweetened, and mixed with lemon and orange juice; cookies sprinkled with sesame seeds and others made with chipped ginger; pieces of Chinese candy added an interesting and pleasing finish to the arrangements.

A young lady directed the children in playing Chinese games; the children entering into them most heartily. It was fun to see a little Chinese boy and girl in the group as happy as could be picking up beans with chop sticks; trying to put a shuttle-cock in the air with their heels; seated in a circle playing Go, Kim, Po—; or forming a line and helping the dragon try to catch his tail.

At the far end of the garden, found by following signs with the motto written in Chinese characters, "One look is worth a thousand words," was a rustic lodge in which was well displayed a collection of beautiful and valuable Chinese articles. These were on exhibit and also for sale.

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This Chinese Fete gave many people a very pleasant opportunity to meet and chat with friends, enjoy an afternoon in a lovely garden, see some rare and interesting pieces of Chinese art, and by their interest, and coöperation, add a substantial amount to funds for a great and needed work.

Clouds Against the Sun [*Continued from page 405*]

For a number of days the horde passed over. "We'll just hope that they keep on going until they fall into the Pacific Ocean," remarked one.

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Reports from various communities began coming in. The hoppers were coming down. "You can ask my wife; you might not believe it if I told you, but you would not doubt her word," said one man who owned a wheat farm a few miles from town. "I thought that I had seen grasshoppers in the years that I have been in this country, but I'll tell you, I hadn't seen anything. Out in my wheat fields the number of grasshoppers is unbelievable. Two or three days, and I won't have any wheat at all."

This contingent from the main swarm merely stayed overnight and moved on in the heat of the day following. But before the week was out, the actual settlers came, with unending and tremendous appetites.

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A visit to the hardware store revealed a rush of farmers getting repairs for harvesting machinery. A man had come in from a distance to get the merchant up in the middle of the night to secure binder twine, so that his crew could begin at break of day in the effort to save some of the more matured grain. Other grain is being cut for feed, which will be inferior because it is not mature enough even for that.

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The gloom and discouragement has returned, in greater measure. People must lift up their eyes, and their hearts, in realization of the present of the Lord, "Maker of heaven and earth," and know His sustaining power in the presence of this calamity. The church must in wisdom and in clarity set forth the love and wisdom of the Father, who knows and who understands and cares.

Boys and Girls of America

Mary Ruth Moves to the City

MARY RUTH did not want to leave Alabama. She loved its wooded hill-tops, the dappled white of the cotton fields as fall approached, the deep red soil which becomes "slick" when the rain moistens it. She liked the way everyone for miles around called her by name. At night she would wonder who would marry who and "how the neighborhood would turn out." She knew that many things were wrong with the weather-beaten old house where she lived, and yet she hated to turn her back on the roses which grew beside the "gallery" which extended along one side.

But when her father "took a notion" to move the Squires family to Chicago there really was nothing that she could do about it. Even in Alabama where people marry young a fifteen-year-old girl cannot secede from her family. And her father had good reasons for going north.

"We're not getting anywhere," he argued. "No matter how hard I work I can hardly catch up with what I owe, while the schools close so early in the spring that you children forget all that you have learned before they open again in the fall. From the end of March to the end of August is too much vacation.

"Look at what my brother John has done," he continued. "He hasn't gotten rich since he went north ten years ago, but his wife has running water right in the kitchen and all his children have been through high school. Now they have the education to get good jobs where you use your head more than your hands."

"Yes, but times have changed—" objected Mrs. Squires.

"They aren't any worse in Chicago than in Alabama," he replied. "And I know that John can get me some sort of a job. We may have rough going, but you children will have the advantages of living in the city."

Mr. Squires could not be budged, and so Mary Ruth and the five smaller children were squeezed into the old Ford along with their parents, and as many household treasures as possible tied onto the sides, back and top of the car.

Down the street from her new home Mary Ruth found the Pilgrim Mayflower Church

"About all I seem to have for twenty years of work is a wife and six children," laughed Mr. Squires as they chugged down the road.

Mary Ruth expected many things of Chicago—running water in the kitchen, rooms that were warm when you woke up on a winter's morning, big schools with good teachers which did not close until the last of June, bright lights on all the streets and many marvels in the store windows.

But Chicago was very different from Mary Ruth's anticipations. The nice things she had heard about were all there, but nobody had told her that she was going to live on the second floor of an old wooden house where countless families had moved in and out before them. She did not know that anything could be as grimy as the old wood work.

Then when the wind blew just right there was an odor such as she had never known in Alabama. The first time this smell reached her nostrils she thought something awful must have happened in the neighborhood, and then some one explained that it was "Just the Yards"—meaning the place where Chicago turns hogs into pork.

The first time the sun failed to come up and scatter the gray fog she thought something was wrong with the world—but she got used to dark and dreary days.

Mary Ruth was glad that she did not have to live in "one of those awful tenements" which she had heard about. Her house was rickety but there was a little yard in front and a larger one behind, while a row of trees between the sidewalk and the curb were struggling hard to keep on living, even if they did not grow very much. But the street was dusty, dingy and colorless.

On the long ride to Chicago Mary Ruth had cherished two dreams. One was that she might go to some great big high school where they had laboratories, gymnasiums, an auditorium for plays, and even a swimming pool. The other was that she might get a job and have some money which was her very own. Of course she would help her folks with the grocery bill, but she would also get herself some nice clothes!

Neither dream came true. After several weeks of hunting her father got a job at the stockyards, but his pay simply could not be stretched

Airing Jimmie became Mary Ruth's steady job

to provide the rent and food for eight mouths. When Mary Ruth suggested that she might get work her uncle laughed.

"Don't you know that you have left Alabama and come to Illinois where the law won't let children work?"

As there had to be another bread winner in the family Mrs. Squires decided that she would go to work and let Mary Ruth keep house and look after the children. She found a job in the kitchen of a cheap restaurant which did not pay much but which helped a little. Fortunately the Illinois law is quite strict as to the hours that a woman can work so that she did have some time at home with the children at the end of the day.

Yet the bulk of the responsibilities of the home rested upon fifteen-year-old Mary Ruth. After her father and mother left early in the morning she would get the other children up for their breakfast and off to school—except for little Jimmie, the baby of the family.

Then she would clean up the house, bathe Jimmie, and get lunch. In the afternoon when the weather was good she would put Jimmie in the old baby carriage they had bought at the second hand shop and trudge off to the store for the shopping. Often she would pause and give him a little airing before she went back to her cooking.

Some of the other children of the neighborhood told Mary Ruth that if the truant officer ever found her that he would make her go to school—and then there would be no one to take care of Jimmie! This made her a little afraid to be seen on the streets during school hours, but she was big for her age, and no truant officer ever came her way.

Mary Ruth found people in Chicago surprisingly friendly. Everybody smiled at her, but it seemed hopeless to remember faces or to make friends with such crowds around all the time. If she had gone to school it would have been easier, but keeping house all day made her lonely for young people of her own age.

This was where the church helped. Down the street from where the Squires lived Mary Ruth discovered the Pilgrim Mayflower Church. It was very different from the little wooden church in Alabama where Mary Ruth had grown up—although both belonged to the same denomination. This church had a number of rooms, and people went there to play and have a good time as well as to listen to preaching.

But the greatest surprise in Mary Ruth's new church was the minister. In Alabama he lived on a farm in the next county and only came to the church for "preaching Sunday," which was the first Sunday in each month. Unless he was called for a funeral he was never seen at any other time. When he did come around all he did was preach, eat and shake hands.

But in Chicago Mary Ruth discovered that she was likely to find the minister at the church on any day of the week, and that he did all sorts of things besides just preaching. He called on the people, listened to their troubles, found jobs for the young people when they were ready to go to work, and was everybody's friend.

Often he would stop and talk to her when she was taking Jimmie out for his airing. If anything should go wrong at the house she was certain that the first place she would run for help would be to the church.

Soon Mary Ruth was going to the young peoples' meeting on Sunday night. There she met other boys and girls of her own age and heard about a place called Tower Hill where there were sand dunes right on the shore of Lake Michigan and church people went in the

This is the Alabama church where Mary Ruth grew up

summer for conferences or just for the fresh air. And with these other young people she began to go places and find the really good things around Chicago, such as the settlement houses and the University where the young people sometimes had meetings in the chapel.

"You know the church is the one thing which I really like better in Chicago than in Alabama," Mary Ruth once said to her father.

"That's because it really does things for you here in the city," he replied. "It's the one place where everybody knows you. If you really grow up in the church somebody will find a job for you when you are old enough to work."

"The church is like the neighborhood back home, isn't it?" added Mary Ruth.

"I guess that is it—and we surely need it," answered her father.

At Johannesburg

Miss Frances Eddy, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Brewer Eddy, is doing something that we wish more American college graduates had the privilege of doing: she is studying first hand, for further service in America, the social conditions, methods of work and the like in the great urban centers of South America and Africa.

During the past year Miss Eddy spent some ten months in the capitals of five countries of South America where she was able to find opportunity to render volunteer service in the training of various groups; and because of her own seven years of experience in America as a girls' club worker she was able to be of constructive help while pursuing her special studies.

Our friend now is in South Africa with headquarters at Johannesburg. There she has the rare privilege of studying and working with such enthusiastic and inspiring missionaries as Dr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Clara Bridgman, Miss Ruth Cowles, and others; and that, too, in one of Africa's great mining centers where the urban social problems are most perplexing and far-reaching.

In her letters she dwells upon the great variety of types of social activity in Johannesburg and of her own joy in being of assistance in the training of certain groups, in knitting classes for mothers, in baby clinics, and in the musical training of native children.

In her most recent letter Miss Eddy speaks of Miss Cowles' work and upon the children's chorus work with which she has been in close touch:

"Miss Cowles is a registered nurse and the only white person living in the township of 30,000 blacks. She runs a clinic for babies, with some work for the mothers, such as knitting classes and club groups. The environment is appalling—no water except that sold from carts; no lights, and no police!

Frances Eddy with the Robin Hood hat embraces Africa in Ruth Cowles' Baby Clinic at Joberg

"Social service in South Africa is miles behind. The whites are not interested in the native, and friction exists between national groups of whites.

"The natives in the urban areas are becoming detribalized and have lost their moral codes, and the customs of the kraals, so that conditions are awful—and yet, little is done about it.

"The native must pay as much for food and clothing as the 'poor whites'; his rent is at least one quarter of his wage. The situation calls for earnest work toward better conditions. . . .

"Music is marvelous because the ability of the native is phenomenal. Children's choruses of fourteen years of age have full bass voices and rich sopranos, automatically singing in three or four parts. I have never heard anything to equal it. One chorus of about forty, aged from eight to fourteen, well trained in the Anglican school, could be matched against the best *a capella* choir in the United States that I have heard.

"Mere religious teaching is not enough to meet these terrible needs. Full coöperation of the forces of education, medical relief, and government, combined with broad-minded missionary work with social emphasis can hardly touch the fringe of these acute racial and moral problems."

Miss Eddy expects to stay in South Africa for several months, meeting opportunities for her volunteer work as may happen to come to her.

At the dedicatory services all stand as the Greek national anthem is sung by the college choir. The Minister of education stands (with folded hands) in left center. At his right (with flannel trousers) is U. S. Minister MacVeagh. The Archbishop of Greece is the first of the three in right center. Dr. Jesse Marden of the American Board is the third

Pierce College Dedicates

The American Junior College for Girls at Elleniko, Athens, Greece (Miss Minnie B. Mills, Principal), has the official name "Orlinda Childs Pierce College" in memory of the wife of Dr. Willis F. Pierce of San Diego, California.

On May 15, 1938, it dedicated its new administrative building.

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Most of the 262 girls of Pierce College pose in front of the new building

It took 100 of the students just 45 minutes to transfer the 4000 volumes from the old library to the new

Three Pierce students from overseas: Mary Lefhas, Montreal, Can.; Irene Traggis, Westerly, R. I.; Maria Varna, Covington, Ky.

Pierce students start de luxe on an excursion to Sparta

The new "automotive" is used on the railroads of the Peloponnesus

Flag salute on a Field Day at Pierce

Hooping her up for Pierce

In the City of Osaka

By Sherwood F. Moran

THE work of our Neighborhood House in Osaka, Japan, has continued right along as of old in some of its activities. But, as has been the case with every other institution in this country, the opening of the Japan-China war caused changes, more or less serious, in our staff and in our work.

At the very start of hostilities last year, the head of our religious work was called to the colors for field hospital work. The very nature of his work, with its personal and intimate relations, meant that his place could not be lightly taken. We secured an outsider to come in for our regular weekly preaching services, and the staff, particularly one member of it, has devoted a great deal of time to filling in the rest of the lack in this particular work.

The departure of our worker for the front was made the occasion for a religious meeting of fine feeling and deep meaning. It consisted of the pastor's farewell message, a baptism service at which five fine young people were baptized, and a farewell communion service. This meeting took place so early in the war, that the real war fever had hardly begun, and it was of exceptionally fine spirit, even from an internationalist's standpoint.

The whole present situation is vividly brought home to us at the Neighborhood House by the fact that in addition to the one member of our staff proper who has gone to the front, twelve of our own young men—those in the neighborhood with whom we have especially close connections, who come to our plant and are our friends in an intimate and real sense—have also been called. Seven have been baptized at our plant. Most of them have grown up from little boys right in our midst, having been in our boys' clubs, Sunday school, and other groups. They are all convinced, according to their light, that they are going forth to a "Holy War" to fight communism.

Some of them were key men in different types of work; thus, a damper has been put on some of our groups, not only because the number of members has been affected, but because the spirit of the groups, too, has inevitably suffered.

For the first time since the institution started in 1925 we did not hold our annual Birthday Celebration, when we were wont to keep open house for the neighborhood; put up an enormous tent on the playground; had little booths for selling food cooked on the spot by our neighborhood girls and women; had movies, loud-speaker, popular music, and all the rest of a gay cordial time.

However, there are some phases of our work that have gone forward and are more successful than ever before. A new piece of work has been that of the abacus classes. As is well known, the Japanese have a kind of adding machine on which they rapidly do their calculating. [There are various types: one is a wooden frame with bead-strung wires.]

Everybody must know how to work one; practically everybody owns one. You will see a shopkeeper using his abacus when a

Neighborhood House, Osaka

Mr. Moran

customer has purchased a few apples or bananas; the little button-like counters are pushed up and down with surprising rapidity and then the total is announced. Facility in the use of the abacus is a valuable and necessary accomplishment.

Two of the young men of our neighborhood decided that they would like to start and teach abacus classes. This they have been doing here for months. To see them with their thirty or forty little boys and girls, to see the enthusiasm of the students and the kindly direction of these two "elder brothers," the two groups being in spirit more of a club than classes, is something that is a treat to one who is interested in the human and the social.

The war has put a dead stop to our plans for an endowment drive, and as a consequence it was decided to organize a band of Japanese backers, pledging annual gifts. Such a group, under the sponsorship of our Board of Directors, has been organized, the nucleus of which is a group of men and women termed an Advisory Committee.

Their interest in our work, their determination to do something for us, has been most heartening, and in spite of the many calls upon one's pocket and income owing to the war, this group says very openly that that is all the greater reason for backing the work of the Neighborhood House. Furthermore, our annual grants from the Imperial Household Department, the Home Department, the prefecture and the city continue as before.

But the preceding is far from saying that we do not have financial worries. Japan's thin days, economically, are ahead, and this cannot help but affect our work ultimately.

Miss Cary's activities have been varied. One of her duties is that of treasurer of our institution. Our Directors are very patently pleased with the efficient management of our finances, and the Japanese members of our governing committees have expressed admiration for our being able to make money go so far, doing the work we do on such a small budget. The president of the largest advertising company in Japan, member of one of our governing committees before we became a corporate body, once remarked, half-jokingly, half-seriously, that he wished that Miss Cary would consent to be treasurer of *his* company. [See note at end.]

In addition she has had active part in certain club leadership and in general supervision and mothering of various activities. Outside of the work of the Neighborhood House she has had committee and kindred work and the Secretaryship of the Central Committee, that organization that gives general supervision and coördination to various pieces of work of the American Board in Japan.

Mrs. Moran's main activity in connection with the Neighborhood House has been as supervisor of the large — too large — kindergarten, overseeing the work of the three teachers and filling in the gaps in many ways. She helps in various committee and other work, especially in connection with the Kobe Union Church for foreigners and with the Canadian Academy, the school for foreign children.

As head of the Neighborhood House I have organized the new Advisory Committee of fourteen members; have given general supervision to the plant; have charge of the communion and baptism services; outside of the House have lectured on various social and cultural subjects; and am member of the American Board's Japan Commission: the group of three missionaries who represent the Board in its various necessary decisions on the field.

Note: Miss Cary is now in America. While on furlough she will serve as secretary for Japan in the Foreign Department of the American Board in Boston.

Kagawa and Moran make a good team

In the midst of the crowded streets of Bombay, India, stands the Nagpada Neighborhood House, a communal coöperative enterprise under Dr. Clifford G. Manshardt who, by the way, was recently appointed by Government, Chairman of a strong Committee to advise on the subject of Adult Education in the Bombay Presidency.

Missionaries As Seen by a National*

For many years I have been closely related to your work. In fact I am a page or a leaf in that work. I am one of you—yet in certain respects I am not. I am only an outsider and I would like to express myself on your work as an outsider. In a way it is a tribute.

What is a missionary? My definition is not a dictionary one. It is what I have seen. A missionary is the most resourceful person. He is the most adaptable being. He does not take defeat as an end to his work, but using it as a stepping-stone marches on breast forward. He is a person that finds a way out.

Let me briefly give you a résumé of your work as I have seen it. I have heard the early history of the missionary work. They had to break the wall of prejudice, turn hate to love and sometimes play with death. Then, I saw the missionary work in flower—growing, flourishing and extending. In those days the missionaries were ambassadors in more than one sense. They were the leaders of men, shaping the thought life of the community or city where they lived.

Then came the years of troubles. Every missionary became a hero at his or her post. The privations, isolations and death itself could not budge them from their places. They chose the suffering of the land to the comfort and freedom of their own land. Outwardly everything was lost, the end had come. But not for the missionary!

Some of you, after the storm ceased, with the salvaged remnant from the great wreckage, moved on to alien countries, not minding the difficulties of climate, language, traditions and culture. That great nightmare, inadequate material supply could not stop you. You pitched your tent toward success. You built a new altar. You began to erect new temples of knowledge, going on undaunted.

Those who remained behind, "hard pressed on every side but never cut off, perplexed but not driven to despair, struck down but not destroyed," standing on the very ashes of the old structure, dreamed of stately mansions. What a change in such a short time! Well do I remember the early annual meetings after 1922. As if the poor missionary had turned up every stone to prepare a report for the annual meeting!

How different everything looks now. You have started new projects. You have made new contacts. You are known from the highest to the lowest where you live. You are no more an unknown quantity in the land. You have stamped the country with the stamp of your best cultural and educational system. You have procured the appreciation and confidence of the people.

One often hears these remarks, "Amerikan terbiyesi ciddi bir terbiyedir." ("It leads to self-expression and helps to build the character.") The old hostility is getting less and less and confidence is taking the place of distrust.

Then came the years of depression and still they are with us. When it was necessary to close up some of the institutions, you too remember with me the headaches and heartaches and tears. It was like cutting off one's right arm.

The missionary looked as a man almost defeated. But when this thing had to be repeated again, he had found a way out, a sublimation, shall I call it? Victory in outward defeat. I hear that this year also you are face to face with financial problems, the present looks very indefinite and limited.

Your record is before you. Things get old in this world. The American Board, that noble institution, I suppose is getting old. But age does not mean defeat. It too can rightfully say with Paul, "I have had a part in the great contest, I have run my race, I have preserved the faith."

But, my friends, God does not get old. He has other means, not used by man yet. To us remain the aspirations and visions of the future.

*Address at Near East Mission Annual Meeting.

Radio Broadcast of the Economic Plebiscite

A radio program on the Economic Plebiscite will be broadcast on Friday, September 2, from 4:45 to 5:00 p.m. (Eastern Daylight Time) on a national hook-up over the network of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The speakers are Dwight J. Bradley, Director of the Council for Social Action, and Elizabeth Whiting. Tune in!

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Associate Director of the Chicago Congregational Union

CHARLES S. LAIDMAN is the most unassuming denizen of the denominational offices at 19 South La Salle Street. Next to Dr. Gammon, he has been around longer than anyone else. He is almost always there, and can usually be seen without rite or ceremony. His personality might be described as "noiseless."

Before he settled down on La Salle Street C. S. Laidman travelled around quite a bit. He was born on a farm in Ontario. His father was a Yorkshireman—quiet, honest, God-fearing. His mother was descended from Loyalist stock who had fled from this country following the American Revolution. She was a devout and hard working farmer's wife who could see the finer things of life.

After getting his education at "a little red school house" C. S. Laidman taught for two years and was then caught by the lure of Western Canada. While spending the summer on his brother's ranch in Alberta he became a Methodist local preacher. After two probationary years as a sky pilot in Alberta he entered Wesley College in Winnipeg.

Life reached a climax for him in 1905, when he received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Manitoba, his Bachelor of Divinity degree from Wesley College, was ordained in Calgary, and married Nellie Walker, an Alberta girl whom he had met on his first field. Concerning her he writes:

"Although my wife was quite young when we married she went with me loyally in all my peregrinations, enduring hardship and loneliness without a murmur. Our first child was born in a little shack 50 miles from the nearest railroad. I would leave her for several days at a time when the temperature was forty below zero with no neighbor nearer than half a mile, a baby on her hands, and a blizzard raging without."

After a few years in regular parish work in Alberta Mr. Laidman became dissatisfied with the accomplishments of the church, particularly in the field of social action. He broke away from a good church to go to New York City with a wife, a three year old son, $200 in cash and no other visible means of support. For a year he studied in Columbia under James Harvey Robinson, Edward T. Devine, and Franklin H. Giddings.

The next four years were spent in Montreal as the head of All Peoples Mission. When it became apparent that its sponsors were content with marking time he refused the offer of a "regular" church and went to Chicago to resume his work for a doctor's degree under Albion W. Small, Charles Richmond Henderson and Shailer Mathews. When he had met all the requirements except his thesis, economic necessity compelled him to seek a pastorate. Reuben L. Breed of the Chicago City Missionary Society recommended him to the Lake View Church on Chicago's North Side, where he remained for two years.

On April 1, 1919, C. S. Laidman was called to the staff of the City Missionary Society as pastor-at-large. Shortly thereafter Reuben L. Breed's health began to fail and in October of 1920 he died. During his sickness and for a year and a half after his death Mr. Laidman carried the responsibility for the administration of the work of the society. For the next five years he worked with John R. Nichols.

In 1925 the Victor Lawson bequest created a new situation in the affairs of the society. Ernest Graham Guthrie came from Boston to be the Director of what was soon renamed the Chicago Congregational Union, and Charles S. Laidman became the Associate Director with immediate responsibility for field administration.

Few men have had a more intimate acquaintance with the city church, not only in Chicago but also in New York and Montreal, than C. S. Laidman. Here is what he calls the "philosophy of my job":

"For the most part the city church is not as effective as it ought to be. It has been too largely secularized. To many people being a church member does not mean much more than belonging to a club. They demand entertainment, cultural or aesthetic pleasure, and association with the best people. The churches, for the most part, are letting it go at that.

"I feel that the Christian Church should first of all be a place of sanctuary, a place of retreat for

the human spirit, which is confused and bewildered by the wild world around us. It should be a place where people are reminded anew of the presence and reality of God in human life. It should be a place where the religion of Jesus is taken seriously, where his teachings are interpreted and an ideal for daily living fashioned.

"I believe in the institutional church—a church that shall be concerned with all the needs and problems of human life. Not that the church shall always give relief, although it may have to, but that it shall know of the numerous public and private agencies and be able to bring their resources to the help of human beings who need their service. In poorer neighborhoods such a ministry is most necessary.

"But I would always keep the Christian flag flying, nor would I ever conceal it for fear someone might not like it—as I am afraid we sometimes do in community centers and neighborhood houses operated by the church."

But C. S. Laidman has hobbies as well as an engrossing job. He enjoys wood turning, is something of an archer, and likes to commune with trees and birds. His wife avers that he is worse than a boy when it comes to collecting junk, which he justifies with the remark, "It may come in handy some time." He is also a tinkerer of gadgets, taking delight in fixing up mechanical devices so that they are "as good as new" when it would be much cheaper to replace them.

His greatest hobby is helping sick churches and talking things over with discouraged ministers. He knows no finer recompense than to see some pastor who thinks that his work is not amounting to much go out of his office with a firmer tread and a sparkling eye.

Personnel of the Boards

Lyda Houston

LYDA SUYDAM HOUSTON of Diongloh, Foochow Mission, China, wrote in the middle of her school year: "I am sorry in a way that my furlough comes this year. It is not a time that one wants to leave, with so much to do, leaving work to be done by others already burdened by extra problems, with all the uncertainties and probable sorrow. But we live from day to day, doing our work and praying right will come out of this terrible tangle.

"Our school enrollment leaped from last year's 200 to over 300. The morale in the school has been splendid. Studying has been sadly interrupted by the government calls for the middle school students to help in educating the public as to the present crisis. Our principal is perhaps the most trusted person in the county for this program. . . . In the next evaluation of missions the part that these quiet, staunch Christians are taking in the guiding of the thinking of their country should take a large place. . . . I am daily surprised at the evidence that Christian thought is having so much weight in the decisions of China's leaders."

Miss Houston was born in China, her parents being Presbyterian missionaries in Shanghai. She was graduated from Baker University (Kansas); was nurse in the U. S. Army during the War; and YWCA Secretary for five years before her appointment as missionary of the American Board in 1924.

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Robert McClure

REV. ROBERT W. MCCLURE, treasurer of the Foochow and Shaowu Missions, Foochow College, Fukien Christian University and the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital, all in Foochow, arrived in July for his furlough. Mrs. McClure had preceded him. He wrote of the country he has left:—

"The greatest emotional upheaval China has ever had is now taking place. Some foreign critics in China who get off the ship backwards and stay that way still say that the Chinese outside the war area do not yet know what is going on. Those of us who know something about the interior regions know that this wave of emotion caused by the war is having a profound effect on the whole of China.

"The old rugged individualism which grew out of the family and clan system is fast giving way to a feeling of solidarity of the race and nation. Local dialects are on the defense before the national language. The old official who lived in a world apart from the people is giving place to the young man who keeps regular and long office hours, and who feels responsible for the economic and social welfare of the people.

"Students a few years ago would attempt to play athletic games with their long gowns tucked up under a girdle.

"Now they sit long hours in cold classrooms dressed in smart military uniforms or boy scout uniforms, many of them coatless and in shorts while some of us shiver in overcoats. They play with vigor both coöperative and competitive games.

"They go off in groups into the country and instruct the people in economics and civics.

"Families and clans no longer constitute isolated groups within the nation. The insulation has burned

off under the heat of this emotional experience, and they are being fused together into a national unit.

"The separate provinces are losing their self-consciousness and are feeling themselves a part of the nation."

Mr. McClure, who is a Dartmouth College and Bangor Seminary alumnus, had a pastorate in Bethel, Vermont, for four years before going to China in 1916.

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Lora Dyer

DR. LORA GENEVIEVE DYER of the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital (a union institution) of Foochow arrived on furlough in July on the same ship with the other China missionaries written up in this issue.

Two years ago, as senior member of the staff of this union hospital, she wielded the trowel at the laying of the cornerstone of the new building that a gift from Dr. Pierce of $50,000 made possible. Her own hospital, the Kate C. Woodhull Hospital for Women and Children, founded forty years ago by Dr. Woodhull, is now part of the larger institution.

An alumna of Smith College and of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, with the experience of five years of teaching in this country behind her and of two years connection with Atlanta University as secretary to the president, she was sent to China in 1916 by the Woman's Board of Missions. The women's hospital then occupied one wing of the men's hospital of which Dr. Hardman Kinnear was head. It moved into a building of its own in 1924.

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Olive Nelson

OLIVE LYDIA NELSON, R.N., is already here on furlough from Madura, India, where she has been on the staff of the American Hospital for Women and Children founded a little over fifty years ago and now under the charge of Dr. Mary Roberts. It was described in our April number, and there is a picture of Miss Nelson on page 153.

Miss Nelson's friends will remember her letter of January in which she told how her girls had made little sacrifices and thus got together quite a little sum of money to send to the help of the Chinese. No one had appealed to them for money, but last year two Chinese ladies with their babies had stayed there, at or near the hospital, a few days; the girls were interested in them and their probable present plight, wanted to help—and "were all so willing and so happy about it."

Miss Nelson is an R.N. of the School of Nursing of the New England Deaconess Hospital; did public health work with the International Grenfell Association in Labrador one year, then became a member of the nursing staff of the School she had trained in for four years; studied at Selly Oaks College, Birmingham, England, a year before appointment in 1933.

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Edith Douglass

EDITH LEONONE DOUGLASS of the Orlinda Childs Pierce Memorial School and Community Center in Sofia, Bulgaria, arrived for her furlough in July. She, Miss Agnes Baird, and Mrs. Alma Woodruff, all three connected with this same school and community center, are the only active missionaries left of those who used to constitute the Bulgaria Mission. That was closed in 1933, when the churches became able to carry on without aid. The Samokov schools had, before this, become the American College of Sofia, and independent of the American Board.

Miss Douglass arrived in Bulgaria in season to pass through troublous times: the war of independence of 1912, and soon after, the Great War, when she was cut off from communication with the outside world, and responsible for the safety of her girls in the school at Samokov. After the armistice, when she was the only American teacher in the Girls' School, she was kept busy in preparing textbooks—then impossible to secure—in addition to a heavy program of teaching. She is an alumna of Colorado College.

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Bertha Reed

BERTHA PRICHARD REED came home with the group of China missionaries, but, unlike them, without the prospect of return, for she has spent thirty-six years in China and will retire from active service at the end of her furlough year.

She was the first single woman to go to the field after the Boxer outbreak. Sailing in 1902 as a missionary of the Woman's Board of Missions, she was first stationed in Paoting, "so in a sense she was the 'apostolic successor' of Mary Morrill and Annie Gould, Martyrs." Two years later she left that little school for Bridgman Academy in Peiping. Before long she extended her activities, beginning with Sunday trips to teach village women in their homes, and soon was "closely associated with Mrs. Ament in all the evangelistic and social work, including the training of Bible women, teaching weekday classes at various centers, lecturing at the street chapels, touring—traveling by houseboat or cart for several days at a time."

An intimate friend and daily associate in those early years wrote of her personality, untiring industry, deep spirituality. "I . . . was attracted to her by her gentle, modest way and her unvarying courtesy. . . . In college and academy her work was constructive, as unobtrusive as possible, founded on a genuine interest in the students. Within a month after her coming back from furlough, the Revolution was on. People of every kind ap-

plied for protection. As Secretary for the Protection of Women and Children Miss Reed had much responsibility. . . . I count it a high privilege to be associated with one so symmetrical in character, so well furnished in mind and heart, so tender in sympathy, so persevering in the face of obstacles, so self-effacing. Under her guiding hand some impossible things have already happened."

In 1914 the Union Bible Training School was founded by a committee of women of various boards under the leadership of Miss Luella Miner and Miss Reed was its Principal for over a dozen years. After her last furlough in 1930 she engaged again in evangelistic work.

"We shall miss her," writes Mrs. Stelle from Honolulu after meeting the China group of missionaries during their brief stop there. "I personally feel bereft of my very best friend. Quiet and gentle, she has many, many friends among the Chinese who can tell of her help in times of doubt and stress. She is very weary. I am glad that she can go to Pilgrim Place which she already loves, and where she will find a warm welcome and many congenial friends."

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Louise Meebold

LOUISE MEEBOLD came home on furlough in July with the group of several China missionaries. A member of the Shaowu Mission 1920-1925, she had then come to America for several years, returning to China in 1931, but this time as a member of the North China Mission and located at Fenchow where she has done both educational and evangelistic work.

She was there when Fenchow was captured by the Japanese on February 17 and the Ming I school buildings nearest the corner of the city wall which was the point of the attack were badly damaged. She was still there on June 9, the date of the latest letter received from that town, but was planning on starting the next week on her way to America.

A Chicago woman, she graduated from Chicago Business College, took a business position for six years, taught a year under the American Missionary Association in Straight College (closed 1935), and worked for the YWCA three years. In 1916 she received her B.A. from Wheaton College (Illinois).

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Maryette Lum

MARYETTE HAWLEY LUM of Peiping, China, is another of the *President Coolidge* group of home-comers. She is of the staff of Bridgman Academy, and during the last term of the school year wrote that it had gone on much as usual with 520 girls as against 650 last year. Many of the girls came from the professional, government and business classes that have been suddenly thrown out of work; the girls had been unable to pay their fees and the school had tried to find them work.

A Fellow Group of Chinese, English and Americans has in these troublous times "revealed the patience, endurance, and forgiveness of our Chinese Christians in a wonderful way. So many go straight on with faith and love no matter what happens—and they teach us more than we can ever teach them."

Graduating from the University of Southern California in 1916, she had previously studied in the Oberlin Conservatory of Music for two years, adding to her course in music a number of courses in the college, and she has been in charge of the music department of the Academy since going to China in 1917; has conducted the church choir and a glee club. She has been interested in gathering Chinese folk songs and setting them to music; wrote and published a *Chinese Farmer's Song;* translated Chinese children's rhymes, made tunes for the rhymes from Chinese themes, and compiled ten in her *Songs of Chinese Children* printed a few years ago.

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Clark Garman

REV. AND MRS. CLARK P. GARMAN came home on furlough in July from Tokyo, Japan, where he has devoted most of his time to work in the Christian Literature Society. As secretary of the Kagawa Fellowship he has had the responsibility for the arranging of the publication rights of Kagawa's books in foreign countries. He has also conducted newspaper evangelism under the Good News Society serving the rural region around Tokyo, loaning books, supplying information concerning Christianity, conducting Bible study courses by correspondence.

The Garmans are both from Ohio. Mr. Garman was graduated from Western Reserve University; studied a year each at the University of Chicago and at Ohio State University. They became missionaries of the Christian Churches in 1905 and of the American Board in 1931.

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Alice Huggins

ALICE MARGARET HUGGINS of Tunghsien has kept in touch with her friends and with the large circle of those who are friends of her school and are interested in her as a missionary, by the fairly frequent mailing of long, gossipy, printed letters. The postage on these letters has been a severe drain on her slender purse, but they have been distinctly worth while. In our January number was reprinted part of her letter giving an account of the Tunghsien bombing and of the two months that followed. Last year in the May number we reprinted a letter which among other things answered questions as to her fate in the songbook contest for

which the British Boxer Indemnity Association had offered prizes. She received the third largest prize for seven of her songs chosen for the new book the Association proposed publishing for Chinese schools. "I was so thrilled with the Chinese check I got that I had a picture taken of it and hated to put it into the bank."

Music is, however, just her "hobby" as she calls it, although in collaboration with Mrs. George D. Wilder she has compiled two books of anthems, published several other musical numbers, and has been director of the church choir.

Sent out in 1917 to teach in the girls' boarding school in Tunghsien that had been founded in 1905 by Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich, she renamed it the Goodrich School on an anniversary of the founder's birthday. She is a Kansas woman and a graduate of Washburn College.

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Caroline Silliman

MISS CAROLINE SILLIMAN, Principal of the American High School for Girls in Aleppo, came home on furlough in July. She will spend most of her time with relatives in New Canaan, Connecticut and hopes to find opportunity for visiting and observing high school work in America.

Her own school, which was opened in 1922 for the Armenian girls from the Central Turkey Mission who had taken refuge in this Syrian city, and who did not know the Arabic language, is uniting with the school for girls of the Presbyterian Mission, and changing to a new location. The course is cut from six years to five to conform with the custom of the Presbyterian schools and the staff consists of equal numbers of Syrian and Armenian teachers. There were eighty-three girls in the school this past year. This makes the third school in Syria in which the American Board and the Presbyterians have joined forces.

Miss Silliman taught six years in this country after a normal school course; then was connected with the American School for Girls in Van, Turkey, 1908–1915, going through the vicissitudes of the first year of the War there. After the War she worked in the Caucasus under the Near East Relief for eight years; to that country had fled practically the whole Armenian population of Van Province, also thousands from Erzerum and Bitlis. In 1930, after a year of furlough, she joined the staff of the school in Aleppo of which Miss Lucile Foreman was then principal. Miss Agnes Fenenga will be in charge of the school during Miss Silliman's absence.

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REV. CHARLES T. RIGGS of Istanbul, Turkey, after serving as Mission Secretary for twenty-eight years, resigned from this post at the recent annual meeting of the Mission, and Rev. Kingsley Birge has assumed that duty.

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REV. ALFRED A. SCHMALZ, associate director of the Council for Social Action since July 15, 1935, becomes pastor on September 11, of the First Church of Darien, Connecticut. This step fulfills an ambition which he has cherished for some time to apply his social idealism to a definite local situation.

Book Chat

MARCUS WHITMAN, M.D., by Clifford Merrill Drury. **The Caxton Printers, Ltd.**, Caldwell, Idaho. $3.00.

The life of this romantic pioneer and famous martyr of the American Board's old Oregon Mission is one of fascinating and inspiring interest.

In this "fullest and most accurate life" of Whitman, Dr. Drury has surpassed himself in the task of gathering, weighing and organizing his material, and in presenting it to the public. In fact, we have a suspicion that largely because of his historical researches on Spalding and Whitman and his proved ability to make his characters and their times live before his readers, he was called from his Idaho pastorate to his present position as Professor of Church History and Missions in San Francisco (Presbyterian) Theological Seminary at San Anselmo, California.

Much space in the book is given to phases of Whitman's life which have long been under discussion: the motive and end, for example, of the famous Whitman ride; the question of the dismissal of Spalding by the Board; the causes of the massacre at Waiilatpu; Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, etc. The book includes some important new material tending to give a better balanced and perhaps more reliable story than appeared in earlier years.

The book covers 428 pages of story on 22 of which illustrations appear; it carries 31 pages of appendices, a bibliography and an index.

Whitman was a genuine missionary, one who would stand today the modern test as a Christian statesman. The author has by no means dimmed the glory of this "man of national significance." We anticipate further studies of high grade by Professor Drury. His book on Elkanah Walker, another Oregon pioneer, will soon be off the press.

Camera News

By Dorothy P. Cushing

HIS RADIO ONLY CONTACT

Introducing Po I Sun and his sister Yu-Ting Sun of Fenchow, North China, friends of Dr. Paul R. Reynolds, formerly of China and now Field Secretary in the Education Division of the Board of Home Missions. War interrupted Mr. Sun's studies at Cheeloo and he remained in Fenchow tutoring two American teachers in Chinese. His home-made radio set provided Fenchow with practically its only contact with the outer world for weeks during the Japanese invasion. Miss Sun is in the Memorial High School and hopes to train as a nurse. The father of these attractive young people was head teacher of Bible at Harwood Bible Schools until his death. Mrs. Sun still teaches there.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

in the Kusaie Training School, Caroline Islands, Micronesia. These boys come from the Marshalls, Kusaie and Greenwich Island which is right on the equator, the farthest point from which any student comes, writes Rev. Clarence F. McCall, head of the Kusaie Training School. The school builds character, brings out leadership and is clearing and planting land so that the plantation will soon be able to feed all one hundred students.

A MARVELOUS CHANGE

This is Ester Nassusu, nurse at Dondi, West Africa, and a patient suffering from a tropical ulcer on the leg. Ester graduated from the Sara Hurd Scott hospital last fall. HER FATHER AND MOTHER WERE BOTH WITCH DOCTORS. Ester carries on the family tradition of healing—but how differently!

CHICK! CHICK! CHICK!

Or maybe these chickens only understand Marathi! We imagine, however, that they recognize food in any language. Some of the youngsters at the Vadala Vocational School in India are here shown feeding the poultry—learning by doing.

OUT OF THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

The churches of Changteng district (Paotingfu, North China) observed Easter in three centers. At Wang-pan a church for 12 years dormant, roused itself into new life. In the yard a mat shed was erected to shelter over 500 worshippers from 10 nearby villages. Each church contributed to the service. This is how they traveled to the services —women riding, men and boys on foot. The lady with the red cross band on her arm is the evangelist. One feature was a testimony from Christian homes of God's love and power to make life over. Below are the two families who made the most striking reports.

TWO FAMILY TESTIMONIES

The Yangs of Yang Village (right) never tire of telling how once a spirit of bitterness and frequent quarrels made their home a sad spot. Now, through Christian love, it is a place of joyous coöperation. The Lis (left) told how the young wife, a Christian, came into the home where the mother-in-law was a Buddhist daily burning incense to the gods. She could not teach or attend church but this wife *lived* as a follower of Jesus. Her patience and kindness won the heart of the mother-in-law who took down her gods and burned them saying: "We will all worship the one true God and have no other gods in our home." With her son and grandson she took the first steps in the Christian life. She is not in this picture as she was unable to attend the service. These stories and pictures were sent by Miss Jessie E. Payne of Paotingfu.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY!

The American Academy for Girls in Istanbul, Turkey, teaches child care along with its more academic subjects. Said one Turkish father: "More than good marks I want my daughter to have a good character." Thanks to the American Academy training the children of these future Turkish mothers may well rise up and call them blessed.

Recent Publications

Board of Home Missions

The City—The Testing Ground of the Church. 12 pp.

General Council

Developing Technique in the Local Church. A brief treatise on church efficiency and sound church finance. 8 pp.

Missions Council

Program Suggestions. For use in connection with the Missions Study topics for 1938-1939 "India" and "The Church in the City." 36 pp.

HIMSELF. Longmans Green and Company of New York is bringing out an interesting book by Mrs. Katherine Van Akin Gates of Hartford, who served for many years under the American Board in India. The book is to be entitled *Himself,* but it is an autobiography of a Hindu lady. The original appeared in the Marathi language and it has been translated by Mrs. Gates.

Mr. Scotford will review the book in our October issue—which, by the way, will major on India.

Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People

Total Income received from investments, from June 1 to June 30, 1938	$4,588.22
Month of July, 1938	10,931.59
Total for 2 months ended July 31, 1938	$15,519.81

American Missionary Association Division
The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches

WILLIAM T. BOULT, *Treasurer*

This, That, and the Other

"Your Husband and My Brother"

A Chinese girl found in the pocket of a Japanese aviator killed in the same crash which killed her own brother the photograph of the young Japanese wife and wrote to her thus:

"On April, the birthday of your Emperor, . . . amidst the spasmodic explosions of anti-aircraft gunfire, we saw countless streaks of light flashing across the sunny sky. All of a sudden, one of our pursuit planes was surrounded by five or six silver-coloured enemy craft. Moving with grace and alertness, our plane succeeded in bringing down one of its opponents. Shortly after, however, this lone fighter was hit by the enemy. Wobbling, it started to smoke. In the most critical moment, it swiftly swooped and rammed one of the attackers. The two planes crashed. Both pilots were killed.

"They were your husband and my brother! . . . "

Miss Chen urged her Japanese friend not to think ill of her. "I suffer the loss of my beloved brother as you the loss of your husband. . . . But the mere thought of the bitter suffering to which both the Chinese and Japanese peoples have been subjected impelled me to write to you.

"I wish to inform you that my parents and elder brother are greatly concerned about you. They regard you as they regard their own child. They bear you no grudge. As for me, I hope one day we shall firmly clasp each other's hands, and with one heart mingle in complete friendliness."

Japan Bans a *Herald* Issue

We have heard through United States Post Office authorities that the April, 1938, issue of THE MISSIONARY HERALD was confiscated by the Japanese Government. No definite article or editorial is named, but probably the entire issue was considered unsound reading for our friends in Dai Nippon. We do not understand that the HERALD as a magazine is no longer permitted to enter Japan. So the staff will continue its attempt to interpret correctly the mind and purpose of our associates in that difficult mission field and to help sustain an American fellowship with the Christian forces there.

The Mid-West Meeting

The Mid-West Regional Meeting will be held in the United Church, Wichita, October 25–27. It is planned on the preceding day to have meetings of the women presidents, workers in religious education, the superintendents, and the Mid-West Regional Committee. Tuesday morning, the 25th, will be given over to three simultaneous seminars for ministers, led by Dr. E. A. Thompson of Grand Rapids, for laymen, led by Mr. Donald Adams, and for women, led by Mrs. E. E. McClintock. The worship services will be conducted by Dr. Truman Douglas of St. Louis. Dr. John W. Phillips of Omaha will be the speaker at the men's dinner and Mrs. E. A. Read of Iowa and Mrs. George R. Wilson of Illinois at the women's dinner, Tuesday evening. Ex-Governor William E. Sweet of Colorado will be the speaker at the banquet in York Rite Temple, Wednesday evening. A striking feature will be the interracial luncheon Wednesday, with musical and dramatic numbers by Negroes, Mexicans, Japanese, possibly Indians, an international sextette and a Greek violinist. Two very unique Clinics are planned, Wednesday morning, on "The Churches at Work," with Superintendent S. A. Lloyd directing, and Thursday morning on "Our Coöperative Activities," with

Secretary L. M. Outerbridge, directing.

An entirely new feature will be a platform chat Wednesday morning, "The Ministers Talk About Their Churches," by Dr. Stoddard Lane of Des Moines, Dr. V. V. Loper of Denver, Dr. Walter H. North of Kansas City and two others to be selected. Delightful and inspiring music is expected from the choir of Washburn College and the orchestra of Wichita Municipal University, directed by the composer of "By the Waters of Minnetonka." There will be several presentations of our work at home and abroad by able secretaries and missionaries.

Nome Is Booming

Vincent C. Widney, pastor of the Federated Church of Nome, Alaska, writes: "There has been quite a bit of house-moving this spring. Big or little, they just jack the building up, lower it on a pair of skids, hook it on behind a 'cat' or two, and away we go to the new location. The last house that we saw moved was taken from the Sandspit and skidded along the sea ice to its new location at the other end of town.

"It looks to us like Nome will be over-populated this summer, and, in fact, that all Alaska points will be receiving new populations from the states. Daily the planes come in loaded with new people, and the old ones coming back. Many who went out never expecting to return are back again and glad to get here. They bring disheartening news about conditions out there. We are told that the steamship company will bring in full loads of passengers. Why the rush to Nome? Nothing doing out there, but here there is said to be gold for the taking. We also have two large construction jobs for the summer, the new federal building, and the new jetty to replace the old one washed out in the high water.

"A great many are mining on the beach already this spring. Undoubtedly many of these people coming in will join them when they fail to get jobs elsewhere. Some of them may do pretty well, but as a rule, beach mining today brings not much more than a modest living and lots of hard work.

"Perhaps I could help somebody reading this by correcting false impressions he may have concerning the chance for earning a living in Nome. While Nome can do well for those who are fortunate enough to get into earning positions, it is not a good place to be if you do not have a job. This country is strictly limited in the number of people it is capable of supporting—and a large number of these are compelled to be idle during the winter months. Furthermore, living costs are high and going higher in all probability, and rapidly melt away one's resources unless copiously replenished. My advice is this, therefore: do not think of coming to Nome to work unless you have real assurance of a job in advance, and without money in your pocket for a return ticket in case you are even then disappointed."

Kobe (Japan) Flood

The newspapers have carried full accounts of the Kobe flood, July 5. Miss Isabelle MacCausland wrote of the "Terrific cloudburst over the Kobe hills, whereupon the loose soil slipped down the mountains' sides in an unspeakably swift rush (washing out two reservoirs enroute) and just dashed all over the city—the several rivers seeking out old routes which they had not taken for years—hundreds of years!—and charging toward the sea quite regardless of modern so-called civilization and its buildings, subways, elevated, and railways! The results are unspeakable! . . . Out here in our suburb, some twelve miles away from the scenes of the worst of the disaster, and up on our safe, fine plateau, we were quite untouched by the storm, except for our anxiety about several students [of Kobe College] who were unable to reach their homes for days. . . . We are amazed and very grateful that out of our thousand students and teachers not one life was lost. . . . I think no church in the city was destroyed—miraculously, it seems! The Kobe Union Church sheltered about 160 for several nights; schoolhouses and temples have been opened for refugees. The Government Women's Organization fed them rice balls and pickles. . . . Some of our girls went with me to an orphanage and then to a public school where 800 were housed; and there we found a unit of one of the big Osaka newspapers, which was just sending out a group of young doctors and nurses with first-aid kits and medicines to distribute. The students went along and distributed castor oil and Vitamin B tablets to their hearts' content. . . . They have already helped in other ways at two houses of refugees under the auspices of that famous Mrs. Jo of whom I must have told you. Her institution for mothers and babies was miraculously saved, just at the edge of one torrent, but the home for working girls was pretty well 'snowed under' with sand and water. Our girls helped dig out that place."

In Memoriam

Mrs. Elwood Tewksbury

A reprint of part of *The Shanghai Times* for June 8, just come to hand, tells of the passing on June 2 of Mrs. Elwood Gardner Tewksbury and of the burial service held at Bubbling Well Chapel and conducted by Dr. P. F. Price, who had known her since 1910 when she and her husband commenced their work with the China Sunday School Union, for a short time in Nanking and then in Shanghai. Her son Gardner was at the organ. Mr. Peter Chuan spoke on behalf of her many friends in the North where

the Tewksburys commenced their work for China in 1890. He mentioned in particular their Christian home and what it had meant in the lives of some of China's present leaders; and also spoke of Mrs. Tewksbury's active co-operation with her husband in the work of the North China Union College, and her courage and helpfulness during the Boxer period in Peiping.

Grace Holbrook was born in Norwich, Connecticut, October 28, 1864. She studied at Boston University, the New England Conservatory, and Hartford Theological Seminary. In 1889 she married Mr. Tewksbury of West Newbury, Mass., a Harvard alumnus and at that time a student in the Hartford Seminary. When he graduated the next year they left for China under appointment by the American Board. They were in its service and in college work in Peiping until 1909, and Mr. Tewksbury returned to China the following year as National Sunday School Secretary to China under the World's Sunday School Association. A son, Donald, served under the American Board a few years on the staff of Yenching University.

Dr. James P. McNaughton

Word has been received from Clifton Springs, New York, of the death of Dr. James P. McNaughton, at the age of 77. For 43 years he was an active missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions of Boston. After graduating from the Union Theological Seminary in New York City, he went in 1887 to Turkey where he engaged in evangelistic and educational work. At the outbreak of the World War he was in charge of a large school for Armenian boys, the

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While on furlough in America, Dr. McNaughton traveled extensively, speaking in behalf of the Armenians. He had charge of the work of the Armenian and Syrian Relief in California for two years and was also connected with the Laymen's Missionary Movement. He returned to Constantinople in 1919 and succeeded in re-establishing the Bithynia High School. It won for itself a high place in the confidence and esteem of a large circle of friends.

After his retirement in 1930 Dr. McNaughton lived three years in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, and later lived in Clearwater, Florida. In both of these cities he associated himself with the life of the church and the community. He leaves a widow, Rebecca Gladding Jillson McNaughton, formerly of Providence, Rhode Island, also three daughters and five grandchildren.

Funeral service was held in the Central Congregational Church, Providence, R. I., on Wednesday afternoon, July 13. Interment was in the Providence North End Cemetery.

The Chronicle

FURLOUGH AUTHORIZED

Miss Eunice T. Thomas of the Foochow Mission, a leave of absence for six months beginning in June, 1938.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar M. Flint in Madura, South India, June , returning to the American College.

Mr. J. Raymond Pearson in Talas, Turkey, July 2, joining the near East Mission.

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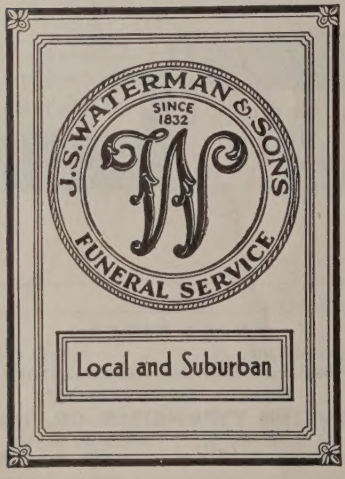

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Miss Olive L. Nelson of Madura, South India, in New York, July 18.

Miss Alice M. Huggins, Miss Maryette H. Lum, Miss Louise Meebold, Miss Bertha P. Reed, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard F. Wilber of the North China Mission; Rev. Robert W. McClure, Miss Jennie Jacobs, Miss Eunice T. Thomas of the Foochow Mission; Miss Alice E. Cary, Rev. and Mrs. Clark P. Garman of the Japan Mission, in San Francisco, July 18.

Mrs. Gladwyn M. Childs of Dondi, West Africa, in New York, July 21.

Miss Caroline Silliman of Aleppo, Syria, in New York, July 21.

Miss Edith L. Douglass of Sofia, Bulgaria, in New York, July 22.

Miss Sarah M. Field of Kobe, Japan, in Vancouver, July 24.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. White of Anatolia College, Thessaloniki, Greece, in New York, July 25.

BIRTH

To Rev. and Mrs. David W. Shepherd a boy, John Gordon, on June 14 at Barnesville, Georgia.

MARRIAGE

Victor Obenhaus, Principal of Pleasant Hill Academy, and Marion Pendleton, in Riverside Church, New York, July 30.

DEATHS

Mrs. Elwood G. Tewksbury, member of North China Mission, 1890–1909, on June 2 in Shanghai, China.

Mrs. Franklin E. Jeffery, missionary of the American Board in South India, 1891–1921, in Oberlin, Ohio, July 20.

Mrs. Grace Harding, at one time matron of Emerson Institute of Mobile, Ala. At Granger Homestead, Canandaigua, N. Y., July 31.

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